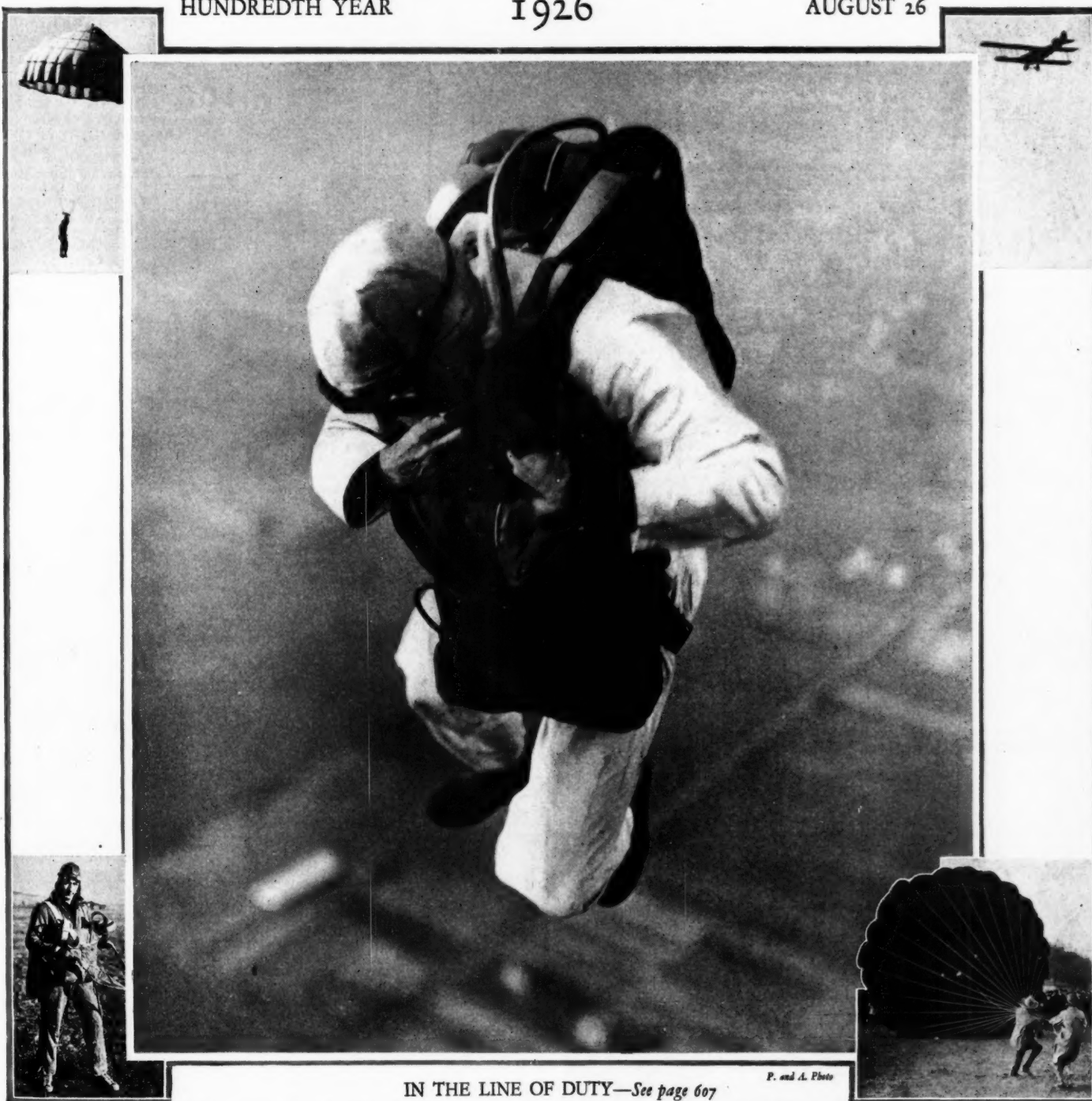


THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

HUNDREDTH YEAR

1926

AUGUST 26



IN THE LINE OF DUTY—See page 607

P. and A. Photo

In this Issue // Stories by Samuel Merwin, J. W. Marshall, C. A. Stephens, and David Loraine and A. F. Henderson. "GREENLAND HO!" by David Binney Putnam

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STUDY YOUR
WATERMARKS!

THE newcomer to philately soon finds that "watermark" is a term with which the collector must become familiar. The design of a watermark is sometimes a distinguishing feature between two sets of stamps. For example, two stamps may be exactly alike in design and color and value and perforation. But if one is on watermarked paper and the other is not, then there are two varieties, each chronicled in the standard catalogue and with a "blank space" provided for each in the album. Or two stamps otherwise similar may each have its own design of watermark; and, again, two varieties exist.

Paper is manufactured out of pulp. The pulp is run under a metallic device called a dandy roll. Sometimes a design of some sort is placed on the dandy roll; that is, a part of the roll is slightly raised, in the shape of the selected design—such as a letter, or a crown, or a star, or an animal, or a cross; there are hundreds of varieties.

The design on the dandy roll presses into the pulp. Thus when the paper—on which the stamps are to be printed—is completed, the selected design thins the paper in the design's own form. This is the watermarking, and it may be seen by placing the stamp, reverse side up, against a dark surface, or sometimes by holding the stamp up to the light.

There are four major types of watermarking—unit, multiple, sheet and continuous. When the watermarking is of the unit type—considering a crown design as an example—one crown appears with each stamp. When it is of the multiple type, there may be several crowns with each stamp, or possibly several complete crowns and several parts of crowns besides. When the watermarking is of the sheet type, only a part of a crown may be found with each stamp, as perhaps a single large crown design was used for one entire sheet of fifty or a hundred stamps. The continuous type of watermarking involves the use of letters, and some of the stamps of our own country offer perhaps the best example. The government at one time watermarked its postal paper with the inscription "U. S. P. S.," significant of United States Postal Service. Only one letter is assigned to each individual stamp.

A HOLY GATE

Poland has selected a religious subject—the Virgin's Gate, which is Vilna's city gate—as the design of a new pictorial, 1 grosz, light brown. The use of this adhesive is required on all inland correspondence in addition to the regular postage. Thus Poland is raising money to help balance its deficits. The appearance of an ancient galleon, with all sails up, on another new Polish stamp—45 grosz, deep purple—is significant of Poland's lack of a seaport.

Stamps to Stick



OUT OF SYRIA

A deluge of charity and airplane stamps has come from Syria, Alaouites and Lebanon, three states of the Syrian federation, providing forty-four new varieties for collectors to covet.

The current pictorial sets of Syria and Lebanon—twelve in each—have been overprinted



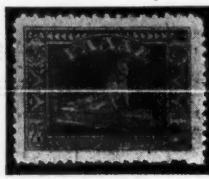
with an inscription, "Secours aux Réfugiés," thus converting them into semi-postal charity adhesives, through the sale of which the French mandate authorities are raising funds to be devoted to the needs of refugees made homeless by the warfare in Djebel Druze. The surcharge appears twice,—in Arabic and in French,—and each stamp is given an overprinted new value, the stamp selling for the combined surcharged and original denominations.

The 2-piastre, dark brown, 3-piastre, orange-brown, 5-piastre, violet, and 10-piastre, violet-brown, of the current pictorials of Syria, Alaouites and Lebanon have all been transformed into airport adhesives by overprinting them, in red, with an airplane.

Eight of these airmail stamps—those of Syria and Lebanon—have in turn been converted into Druze charity relief adhesives.

A BATTLE

In the military and political history of Greece the final siege of Missolonghi figures prominently. A century has passed since that battle in the Greek war of independence which resulted in liberation from Turkey, and now Greece has issued a centennial commemorative stamp—25



lepta, dull violet. The design shows a Greek warrior of ancient days resting on a tomb. At either side is a corn shoot—symbolizing the rise of modern Greece. The inscribed dates, 1826 and 1926, record the hundred years of freedom.

CORONATION
ADHESIVES

"To celebrate the happy and prosperous reign which has equalled in duration the second reign: 2468-1925," is the inscription, in native language, in a new Siamese set which has an interesting history. These stamps have as a uniform design a picture of Siam's royal throne, and they were prepared early in 1925 for issuance when Vajiravudh, then king, should have completed his fifteenth year as monarch. But Vajiravudh died last November, so the series did not then appear. Early in 1926 the present ruler, Prajadhipok, was crowned, and so the new stamps are known as coronation commemoratives—temporarily in use pending the appearance of definitives bearing a portrait of Prajadhipok. The denominations and colors of the commemoratives are 1 tical, violet and green, 2 ticals, carmine and red, 3 ticals, olive-brown and blue, 5 ticals, violet and olive, 10 ticals, red and bistre, and 20 ticals, blue-gray and brown.

A POET HONORED



American encyclopedias say little regarding Christo Boteff, but his popularity in his native country, Bulgaria, is attested by the recent appearance of three low-value stamps having his portrait as the common design. Boteff was a lyric poet who was born in 1847 and who died a half-century ago, in 1876. The man thus now remembered by commemorative adhesives was among the noted writers in the period of Bulgaria's literary renaissance. Will America do as well?

AN "ALL-OVER" WATERMARK

The appearance of a new watermark in the paper used for stamps of India marks the adoption of a new policy—India's postal paper is for the first time being printed at home instead of in England. The new stamps are on paper with an "all-over" watermark of stars, so that several stars, or parts of stars, are on each specimen.

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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

VOLUME 100

NUMBER 34

(This is Lew Brady's story, and it seems best to give it in his own words, with as few changes as possible.)

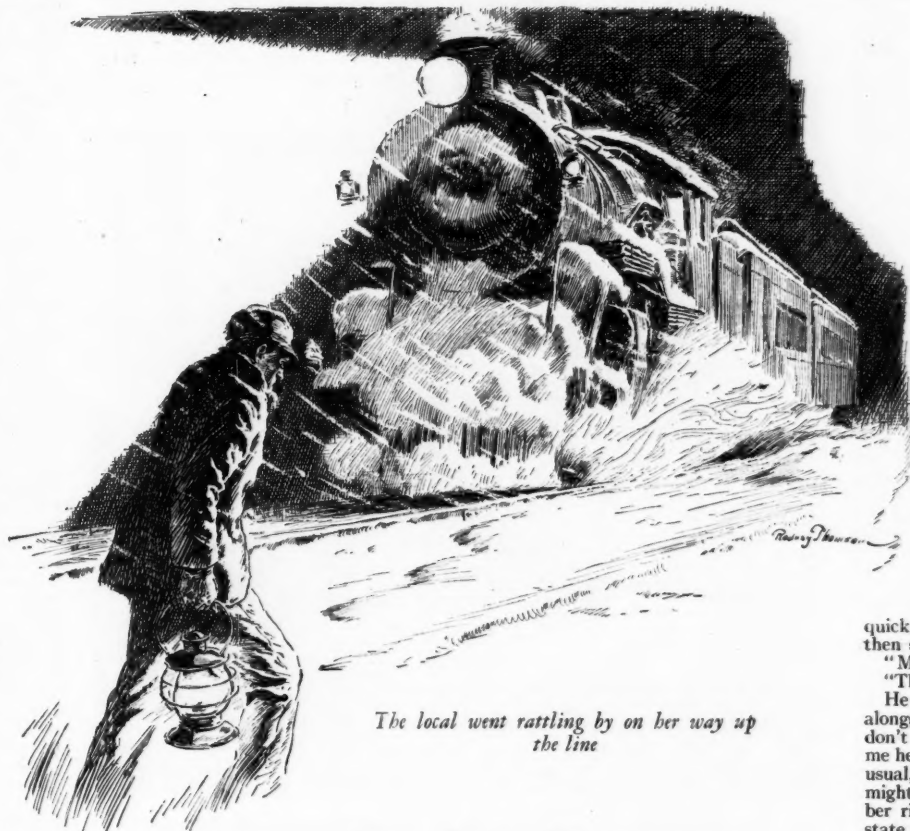
A LONG in October there was a new man came on the wrecking crew. His name was Wilson, and he was as raw as beef on the hoof. The first night he was there, when the boys got around and gave him the usual dose of big yarns, he just sat on a bench with his eyes popping and his mouth wide open, letting them all float down his throat. You can see that the boys wouldn't like him any the better for this. And after a little while it got around that he had a pull,—his father was a superintendent or something on one of the western divisions,—and maybe then they didn't rub it into him. It was his own fault, as much as anybody's; he was easy and soft until he began to get on to the work a little, and then he turned cocky and got a sort of "I'm the General-Manager, who are you?" way about him. Don't think that this is going to be a history of Burt Wilson, for it isn't.

I had to take Wilson on for a partner, for none of the other boys would. You see, there's a good deal of the work can be done by two or three working together, and it goes better if the same ones generally do it, so they can get used to each other. "Dad" Burns believed in this. And it was natural that the boys that worked together should eat and sleep together more or less. It wasn't necessary, you understand, but it generally happened that way. I didn't like Wilson much better than the rest of them did, but I minded my own business pretty close, and I didn't need to listen much when he got to talking about himself. There were a good many little things to put up with; he had a way of forgetting things and muddling himself up. If I hadn't known it wouldn't do any good, I'd have told him what I thought of him. And then there were times when I thought maybe he'd outgrow himself and turn out all right. So we just kind of slid along, the best we could.

One night in November—just before Thanksgiving, it was—we were called to Huntville, fifty-odd miles out, up on the old single-track branch. It was a mean sort of a night, not really so very cold, you know, but damp and raw, and your hands and feet would chill up quicker than in a real cold snap. There was some snow everywhere, and more was coming down. I had to go out to couple up the engine, and the snow was flurrying around in little stinging flakes.

I don't know whether I can explain the thing—how it happened. I mean—so you can understand it; but I can't do less than try. You see, most people are ignorant when it comes to railroads. I know all about that, because when I was wiping in the round house I boarded over on the West Side, and a fellow there—he drove one of Field's wagons—that had always tried to make me think he knew a heap about everything asked me if the "joining iron" on an engine didn't sometimes get hot; and I didn't find out till he'd been talking a long while that he meant the apron all the time. You wouldn't think any man that was old enough to know a bullnose from a hot box would ask such a fool question, anyhow.

Well, it was this way: Huntville isn't really much more than a long siding and a twelve-by-sixteen station—it's where the farmers bring grain to ship east, and there's a row of corncribs and a little receiving-house by the siding; take it any time it ain't a cheerful spot, and on a winter night, with snow flying so you can't see fifty feet to make anything out, it's what I call gloomy. About halfway between the two switches there was a little drift; it wasn't bad at all, as drifts go, but there was a two-coach passenger local there with a hand-out of an



The local went rattling by on her way up the line

Lew Brady's Partner

By SAMUEL MERWIN

Illustrated by RODNEY THOMSON

engine—'72 model, I guess—that had tried to buck through it, and the bogie wheels of the engine (they're the little wheels in front) had slipped off the track.

THAT wasn't a very tough proposition. Dad had Bill McGee pull up right behind the train, and he went ahead with a couple of patent frogs. Wilson and I were doing the switching and coupling those days, and so we tumbled out. I knew what Dad wanted, clear as day (and, do you know, I hadn't found Dad near so hard to get along with as some of the boys made out; he expected you to use your head and be square, that was all); I went up to couple our engine to their last car and sent Wilson back to tend the switch, for I saw we'd have to use the siding. Oh, hold on—maybe you don't know about patent frogs. It's when a truck has slipped off that you use them—they're just a piece of steel that you clamp over the rail so that one end slopes down to the ground. Then when you haul your car back the wheels run right up the slope and on to the rail, easy as you please. Well, pretty soon I saw Dad's lantern begin to swing around, and it made a queer circle of light in the whirling snow. Bill McGee rang his bell and backed slowly, while I passed the signal onto Wilson. I could just see his lantern, back there at the switch. There was a little bumping and scraping, up ahead, and then you could tell by the easy running that she was on the rails all right.

I caught the hand rail of the forward passenger coach and found Dad there too.

"We'll run her back on the siding so that Bill can buck through," he said. "Who's on the switch?"

"Wilson," said I.

He kind of grunted, but, "You'd better come back with us, Lew, and be ready at the upper end of the siding," was all he said.

By that time we were passing the switch, where Wilson was standing, with his lantern under his arm and his hands in his coat

pockets. In a minute more we were slowing down, so I jumped off, hurried back and uncoupled the two trains. Then the local ran up on the switch, where there was some snow, but not so much as on the main track, for that was a drift. They only went up a little ways, and then they waited for us. Wilson closed the switch, and we started up pretty lively. I climbed into the cab, where I could have something to hang on to, for I'd heard the boys tell how Bill McGee had a way of slamming through drifts that was as likely as not to break every window in the caboose. Sure enough, we went by the local, lying there on the siding, at thirty-five miles an hour, easy, and our big plow knocked that drift into rainbows. We hardly felt the shock.

We didn't get slowed down until we were past the upper end of the siding. I swung off and got back to the upper switch, as fast as I could, for I could see the lights of the other train—they all looked hazy through the storm—moving back on the main track. You see, their engineer hadn't the nerve to plow around the siding, which would have been the easiest way, for then they needn't have backed at all; but instead they just crawled back on the track, expecting us to take the switch backward and have the track cleared for them. But that wasn't so bad as it sounds, because, as I told you, I had noticed that the drifts wasn't near so deep on the siding. So I opened the switch and signalled Bill to come on; and away down the track I could just see Wilson's lantern waving the local to go ahead. I let our train out on the siding, then I closed the switch, and while I was running along the path of Bill's headlight, with my hand over my eyes so I wouldn't get blinded, the local went rattling by on her way up the line as lively as if she'd never jumped the track in her life.

We had to do a little more switching to get headed around for home. I rode on the pilot of the engine and handled the upper switch, and then all I had to do was to be carried

around until we had come back on the switch from the other end and I could couple up to the caboose. We ran her home that way, wrong end to. I made a quick job of coupling, signalled Bill, and jumped on. We slowed up when we had passed the switch so Wilson would have time to close it after us and get aboard.

NOW this ought to be the end of the story; but it isn't—it's the beginning. You see, most of the boys hadn't been needed at all, and those that had been had come right back and stretched out for a nap. After a year or two on the wrecking train a fellow doesn't care much what happens if he can only get his three meals a day and plenty of sleep. So now they were most of them snoring, excepting Dad, who was sitting at the little desk at the other end of the car, making out his report. You know how it generally is in a caboose, kind of dim and shadowy and smoky. I was sitting by the stove, with my chair on its hind legs and my feet up, when Wilson came in, slamming the door

quick after him to keep out the snow, and then stamping and shaking out his clothes.

"Mean night, ain't it?" said he.

"That's true too," said I.

He hauled up a chair and put up his feet alongside of mine. We started to talk—I don't remember what about, only it seems to me he was a little more swelled-headed than usual, for you see switching seemed like mighty responsible work to him. If I remember right, I said something about the up-state freight just then. That was a through freight that would meet us at the Waterton siding, eighteen or nineteen miles away. It's no matter now what I said, only before I'd got the words out his feet dropped down as if somebody'd hit them, and the front legs of his chair came to the floor with a bang, and he sat staring into the fire with such a funny look on his face that I thought he must be sick. He had turned white, and his hand was shaking on the arm of the chair, and his head was kind of sunk into his shoulders.

"What's the row?" I said, not knowing what I ought to do. "Weather too much for you?"

He looked up at me with a funny weak sort of a grin that gave me the crawls.

"The switch—" he said, all husky and whispery. "I can't remember—I don't believe I closed it."

He looked as if he was going on, but he didn't; just stopped and gave me another of those grins. Honest, I never in my life saw such a knockout. It just came to him all at once and took the starch clean out of him. I tried to find out about it, but I couldn't get another word from him. So I just sat still and thought fast. It would be easy enough to tell one of the freight boys when we passed them at Waterton; but then it struck me that, if we said a word to anybody, some one would be fired from the wrecking crew—for, if there's one thing a railroad man never gets a chance to do twice, it's playing horse with a switch. I took another look at Wilson, but he was nouse—all done up and breathing heavy; he thought he was done for.

Now, you know, because I told you, that I hadn't much liking for Wilson; but when it comes to seeing a man thrown out of a job and maybe, as it would likely be with a kid like him, started on the down grade for keeps—well, I couldn't sit still and let him drop out without ever giving him a hand. Maybe some folks are mean enough, but I ain't, and I'm not ashamed to say it. I never said another word, but just grabbed my hat and lantern and with a squint to see that Dad wasn't watching I slipped out the door, grabbed the hand rail and swung off.

EVERY time I think about it I'm glad there was snow on the ground that night. It was bad enough as it was,—I lost my cap, and smashed my lantern, and nearly caved in one shin,—but, if I'd had to take that forty-foot roll and slide and bump

into a section house on rock ballast and the ends of cross-ties, I wouldn't be here now; more like, if I was living at all, I'd be sitting on the sidewalk on State Street, without any arms or legs or anything, selling pencils. The first thing I thought about when I got on my pins was Wilson—say, it's lucky for him I didn't have hold of him then for about three minutes. Then I remembered about the open switch and the upstate freight, and I started up the track for Huntville. There was no use looking for my hat in the snow, though I did poke around for a minute or so.

I'm going to cut this short. I never tell it without getting riled up worse than Dad was the time the hoisting rope broke and dropped the express company's safe that he was lifting from the Valley View bridge wreck, into the Rock River. You see, I had to walk a mile and a half in the face of that snowstorm, without a hat or a lantern, to get to the siding, and then I found—well, I must have been about three rods from the switch when the wind let down for a minute, and there I saw a white light shining away as peaceful as you like, where I was looking for a red one. First I thought I was mistaken; but no, I got up to the switch and looked it over, and it was closed and locked as well as anybody could have done it.

It took me a minute to get it into my head that I'd had that tramp for nothing; and then I just sat down on a pile of spare ties and amused myself thinking up the names I was going to call Wilson when I got hold of him. I didn't say them, though, when I ran across him next day, because when a thing's all past and done what's the use? Besides, when a man hasn't any more brains than Wilson had, you can't help being sort of sorry for him. Well, there it was,—another case of his getting balled up,—and there I was holding my handkerchief down over my head in place of my cap and wondering whether I'd better sit still and freeze or walk around and freeze. (It wasn't really freezing cold, you know, but that's how I felt.) Pretty soon the freight came by, and the lights in her caboose looked mighty warm.

I don't know how long I sat there. It was hours, anyhow. And then the way freight came along, running slow, and I flipped on and gave the boys some kind of a yarn so they'd take me back to Chicago with them.

I showed up at the yards at nine o'clock in the morning and reported to Dad. He was looking pretty cool.

"Well," he said, "where have you been?"

"I got left behind last night," said I.

He just looked me over, and said, "Lew,

that ain't so. You started back with us last night. You go to your work. You've got a chance to stay on my crew if you behave yourself, but you've to walk straight to do it."

I didn't say a word. But I was boiling up

Wilson was sore—he came around and told me all about it, and while he was there I made him pay for the cap I'd lost; but that pull of his came to the rescue, and the next we heard of him he was firing on a passenger train on the Milwaukee division.



When the boys got around and gave him the usual dose of big yarns, he just sat with his eyes popping and his mouth open

inside, and for a few weeks things wasn't very cheerful all around. You see, when the boss is down on anybody the boys get on to it in no time, and then they're pretty careful how they treat him. I don't exactly blame them; they're none of them any too sure of their own jobs. So I just kept my mouth shut and attended to business. But before long Wilson made some more breaks,—you see that sort always will,—and Dad laid him off—said he wasn't just the man for wrecking work, but he might do in some other line.

It was in February that the Valley View bridge disaster happened. That was an awful time; I don't like to think about it. It was cold, you know, and one of the cars stood right on one end in the river, with the other end up on the bank; and the ice was pounding at it and breaking in the windows. I had to dive to the end of that car, inside it, pulling myself down under water by what

was left of the seats. It seems to me I went down there four times, but I don't remember much about the last time. And then I had fever and put in a few weeks at the hospital. The good thing about it was, it kind of cleared things up between Dad and me. He didn't come to the hospital,—didn't have time, I suppose,—but the first day I was able to get down to the yards he heard about it and hunted me up and said some things I like to remember, for I know how hard it is for Dad to talk that way. Finally he said:

"Look here, Lew, what was it about that Huntsville business?"

I just corked up and shook my head.

"Oh, it's all right," said he; "I guess you're afraid of hurting Wilson, aren't you?"

I must have looked surprised; but I needn't have, for Dad's got a good pair of eyes in his head, and he can size a man up about as quick as anybody.

"You needn't worry about Wilson, Lew. He's off the line long ago."

"Why," said I, "ain't he firing on the Milwaukee division?"

"Laid off two weeks ago for incompetency."

It didn't look to me that there was any good in keeping still then, so I told him all about it. Dad never laughs, but his eyes looked kind of funny for a minute.

"So that was it, eh?" was all he said.

Then we got to talking, and finally he asked me what it was I wanted to do.

"Well," said I, "I wish that firing job that Wilson had was still open."

He looked surprised.

"Why, that ain't any better job than you've got now, far as pay goes."

"I know it," I said, "but this don't lead nowhere, and if I took that I might work up and get an engine some day." You see, I wouldn't have said this only I knew from the way Dad had been talking that he was a pretty good friend of mine.

He thought for a minute, then he said, "I guess that place is filled, Lew, but if you're sure you want it I ought to be able to get you on an engine."

"I certainly do," said I.

I knew he wouldn't have said it at all if he hadn't meant business; and, sure enough, a little after the first of March I said good-by to the boys on the wrecking train and started in shoveling coal and polishing bright work for "Tommy Atkins," the old Englishman, one of the best engineers on the line—though I will say, for my part, I've seen mighty few men that for nerve and for getting the best out of an engine could beat Bill McGee.

influence. If you had influence, promotions were easy; without it there were none—ever. They were old, I was young, and I thought they knew. In a few months I was as bitter as they against such a system; then I became callous. It is needless to say I had no influence. I wish—oh, how I wish—

The wish remained unexpressed, as if the futility of it, now, was too obvious; the eyes reclouded, with an added shadow of bitterness.

MISS INGRAM'S own eyes were moist.

Her heart had always held a little contempt for this incompetent clerk who dawdled through her days and congratulated the winners of place with such open cynicism as to make its receipt almost an insult, but now—it seemed that there was a reason for it.

"But, after all, ten years is not a lifetime," Miss Ingram said; "some people never do find out that they travel the wrong road."

"And those that do, find it out too late." The woman's voice was dreary. "In those ten years I have made a reputation for inefficiency. Everyone in the department knows it. I couldn't come back."

"And of those that do find it out," Miss Ingram answered quickly, "some accept defeat; some retrace the unprofitable road that led to nowhere, back to the point where the right road starts."

The woman looked up. "Ah, Miss Ingram, if I could! If only I knew where that good road runs!"

"As straight as an arrow through the desk ahead," said Miss Ingram, quickly. "I'm going to keep poking along. And so are you, aren't you?" she asked softly.

And then into the woman's eyes, as they rested on the determined face before her, an answering spark appeared, flickered, and then glowed steadily. Suddenly she gulped

Ingram & Co.

By J. W. MARSHALL

Illustrated by DUDLEY G. SUMMERS

AS the last of the little group of department clerks who had gathered at Miss Ingram's desk offered his hand in congratulation and went back to his work, that little woman's face was aflush with an odd mixture of pleasure and annoyance. She was pleased at their manifestations of joy for her new success and irritated by the frequent employment of one word used in its conveyance. That word was "brilliant." They had referred to her as brilliant, and she resented the glittering word. A belated woman-clerk approached her desk with outstretched hand.

"Allow me to congratulate the brilliant Miss Ingram on her latest achievement."

Miss Ingram took the hand, but there was a decided chill in her cool gray eyes, and she spoke without warmth, "I thank you for your good will; but I am not brilliant."

"No? But that's what everyone is saying. A girl who, in a little over three years, works up from an eight-hundred-and-forty-dollar clerkship to a law clerkship at eighteen hundred, and then takes a universally conceded hopeless case as a starter and wins it, must be brilliant. I understand that even the Secretary has said it."

The woman's lip curled a little, and there was a veiled quality of sarcasm that the new law clerk did not fail to notice.

The retort upon the tip of Miss Ingram's tongue remained unspoken. She leaned a little farther back in her chair and scanned the woman thoughtfully. This was the clerk who had always accepted Miss Ingram's rapid successes in the department with shrugs and cynical smiles. She had openly denied, to the other clerks, that it was possible to advance so signally without the aid of "influence."

This woman herself had been in the department ten years, and she was still drawing the minimum salary upon which she entered. She was wont to point to her own

record as a typical example of official ways. "Look at me! Ten years without a single promotion; and why? I have no 'pull,' no 'influence,' that's why! Oh, I haven't been in the department these ten years for nothing. I know a thing or two, believe me. Advancement without influence? It isn't possible."

And seemingly she did her work with that theory constantly in mind. Having no "pull," she had no hope. To her desk still came the simplest work in the division, and to it she gave just enough mental and physical effort to accomplish its completion from day to day—no more. The corridors were her dawdling places; her interests seemed to be the clock, pay days, holidays, Sundays, and the question of just what effects she could get in ventilation by raising or lowering her window an inch every fifteen minutes. It was of those things that Miss Ingram was thinking as the woman stood before her.

"Brilliance requires polish, does it not, and polish, smoothness?" she heard the other say.

Miss Ingram laughed in spite of herself. "And to carry it a little further, Miss Warner, smoothness implies that the rough has been worked off. Persistent work, industry, nothing else will accomplish it. That's why the term 'brilliant' grates on me. I've had to work so hard for what success I may have achieved that somehow it makes me furious to have it all summed up as if some 'gift' of mentality, some inherited, ready-made nimbleness of mind accounted

for it all. Brilliant! Pshaw! Brilliance makes me tired! It was just work and work and then more work."

Suddenly, she made a little grimace, and was laughing. "Dear, dear!" she cried. "I guess I take it too seriously. Laugh at me if you want to. I shan't mind it a bit."

But the woman did not join her. "Do you mean to tell me, Miss Ingram, that you have had no pull?"

For a moment Miss Ingram's face hardened, and then, as she saw that the woman was too much excited to consider what she was saying, she replied, quietly: "I have no influence. I shouldn't know how to go about getting any if I thought it necessary. Miss Warner, the Secretary, himself, once said these very words to me: 'Earnest, well-directed push, will carry the day against so-called pull, nine times out of ten.' It was when I received my first promotion."

Either the woman needed time to digest this sweeping arraignment, or its assimilation had already set the cogs of her mind turning in a new direction, for her eyes stared straight before her, over Miss Ingram's head.

"Miss Ingram," she said, at last, "when I entered the department, ten years ago, things were different. At least, I was led to believe so. Now I don't know; I wonder. On one side of my desk then sat an old man, on the other a woman nearly as old. Both have since been transferred to another division. Their talk, day after day, was of nothing but

and turned swiftly away, but as quickly wheeled and said: "I've been nasty to you in the past, Miss Ingram."

Swiftly Miss Ingram was on her feet, and a strong hand grasped the limp one of the woman. She smiled through wet lashes. "The road is wide enough; why not travel it together?"

That afternoon at four o'clock Miss Ingram and Miss Warner tramped off to Miss Ingram's room. Each carried a tapestied bundle, and as soon as they had arrived Miss Ingram spread out the work on a table, tucked back the cuffs of her shirtwaist in a businesslike manner and pulled up two chairs.

"Now," she began, "in partnerships each partner has a say as to methods of business; and so long as I'm already talking I'll have my say first. Suppose, just to get a running start, we go over the work of your desk first, then follow through yours to the desk ahead, master that, and so on. How about it, partner?"

The woman smiled, a little weakly at first, then rose quite spiritedly to the occasion. "I'm a silent partner," she said.

"Then such contrasts should go exceedingly well together," laughed Miss Ingram, as she shuffled the papers. "Come on; let's start!"

So they fell to on their running start. They began with the broad, general class of work, ferreted out its beginning, where it was to go when finished, ran down details, looked up data and regulations, and devised methods of accomplishment that embodied both speed and accuracy.

It was hard work for the unaccustomed mind, and at ten-thirty Miss Ingram called a halt.

The next night they worked at Miss Warner's room, and the next at Miss Ingram's, turn and turn about. Miss Ingram always planned the work, and the woman hung grimly to her new-found purpose. By day, clock, corridors and windows were forgotten; holidays and pay days came when they came, not desecrated and welcomed from afar. When Miss Warner had disposed of her own routine work she flung herself doggedly into the work of the "road."

"Miss Ingram's partner," they began to call her; and, knowing Miss Ingram, it was a designation worth winning.

"Partner" it is, and thank you," she would retort, smilingly, to the bantering sallies of the clerks. "And when that partner of mine gets well into her stride she's going to get wheels a-spinning, along the road, I'm thinking, clear up to that desk next the Chief's."

And then, one day, the clerk who sat at the desk behind Miss Ingram stood before her and whispered an astonishing announcement:

"Look here, Miss Ingram, I'm going to resign the first of July!"

It was a distinct shock, for there is a saying among department clerks that "few die, and none resign."

WHILE Miss Ingram was still gasping, the clerk continued: "Fact! There's an opening in my home city in the West. It spells opportunity to me, and I'm going to take it. When I go, Morton will be moved up, and after him Salisbury; that leaves an opening for Miss Warner. There's your chance for Miss Warner."

Before Miss Ingram could recover her poise sufficiently to thank him, he had turned and slipped back to his desk.

In two weeks! Miss Ingram jumped from her seat, bent over to give the now reseated clerk one, swift, grateful word, and hurried down the aisle.

"In two weeks!" she repeated, with dancing eyes, at the end of her news. "In two weeks your chance arrives. Think of it!"

Miss Warner's face went white. After the tension of the months of driving preparation, she crumpled like a forced plant before this suddenly admitted, too brightly dazzling sun of opportunity.

"Oh, I can't!" she whispered, at last. "I couldn't! I couldn't get ready in time! It's too sudden! I'd rather—I'd rather wait for the next, if you please."

Miss Ingram withdrew her eyes from the panic-stricken face.

"That's what the men say all we women do when the fight gets close—let all the stiffening in our backbones leak out through impotent eyes." There was just enough sarcasm in the voice, not too much.

Miss Warner's head came up with a jerk; the angry red was already in her cheeks. "It's not so!" she cried, and her eyes flashed a challenge. "How dare they! Look at what

you've done in this office! Why, you—" And then suddenly she caught the sparkle in Miss Ingram's eyes, and her jaw fell slack. "Get out!" she laughed. "You—you just made that up yourself, to stiffen my backbone!"

Double time was the order from then on. At the end of the tenth evening of work Miss Ingram pushed back her chair from the littered table with a clatter of finality.

"There!" she cried. "We are now ready to take over this new business."

"And I—I have been taken into the firm without capital or credit, and have received all the profit," said Miss Warner in a voice that shook.



"Ah, Miss Ingram, if I could! If only I knew where that good road runs!"

"Fiddle!" retorted Miss Ingram. How often the hand that clutches confidently at sure success closes down on its hovering shadow, failure! The very next day there was laid on Miss Warner's desk a folded, ominous-looking document.

"You are hereby transferred and appointed a clerk of class C," it read. The transfer was to "Botany Bay," as class C was colloquially known in the department. To it those clerks who fell under conviction of irremediable incompetency were invariably "shipped." Also, it carried a reduction of grade and salary. As she read, her face blanched, but she met the disaster with quiet courage.

It was the stout-hearted Miss Ingram who gave way to wild, impotent words when her partner laid the transfer, opened, on her desk and said, with face pale but eyes and voice steady: "I'm not much surprised, now that it's here. The last few months have shown me just what an incompetent I was for those ten years. Of course the Chief doesn't know that I've been trying so hard lately. Maybe it would not have made any difference, any way. Of course I shall keep trying, trying to come back; but in the meantime—her lips formed themselves into a smile in a pitiful effort to be gay—"I guess this means that the firm goes into the hands of receivers."

And then Miss Ingram's torrential outburst followed. "But they shan't! They shan't send you away! It's unfair, when you are trying so hard. You shan't go, I tell you!" She cast the paper wildly from her. "Nobody knows—"

Suddenly she checked herself. "No," she said soberly; "nobody knows, the Chief doesn't know, your capability now. But they must. Let me think." Chin in hand she collected her wits and bent them upon the problem. "If the Chief doesn't know, then he must know," she mused; "and—why, of course!" She looked up with a widening smile. "You remember 'the shortest route is straight across country.' Let's take it." She picked up the transfer and sprang to her feet. "Come on!" she cried. "And keep smiling. Smiles are contagious; and when a man smiles he'll at least listen."

It seemed that she was right, for as they stood before the Chief's desk he looked up,

half irritably, as if the interruption were ill-timed, then dropped his pen and leaned back in his chair. He was smiling.

"Well!" he said with a chuckle, for he, too, had been aware of the partnership. "What is it? You are after something, I'll be bound! Out with it!"

Miss Ingram plunged at once into her attack. "Mr. Chief, for some months past Miss Warner and myself have been referred to in the office as 'Ingram & Co.' The appellation originated in jest, but we accepted it in earnest and, as you might say, have been doing business under that firm name ever since. We come to you in that capacity."

before him. The Chief glanced at it and then as gravely returned her gaze. "Well?"

Miss Ingram's eyes began to gleam. "What we have to ask, Mr. Chief, is that the application be denied, and we hereby make application to enter into contract with the department to handle the business of Mr. Salisbury's desk, to commence when he is moved up; my partner will handle that end of the concern. Our bid totals the exact figure that Mr. Salisbury now draws as salary."

THE Chief's eyes had sparkled several times while she was speaking. Once his lips had twitched. But now, as she finished, he brought his chair slowly back to an upright position.

And then, as the pink began to creep upward in Miss Ingram's cheeks, he merely said: "All I can say, now, is that the case is taken under advisement for ten days. Your partner may assume charge of Mr. Salisbury's desk for that time, to produce additional evidence. Appear before me in ten days for the decision."

He had not once looked at Miss Warner. But many times, during the next ten days, did he look at her. Day after day he strolled down the aisle to her new desk and peered searchingly over her shoulder or scanned with an appraising eye the work she had already completed. It was noticeable, as the days went on, that these visits were made with a brisker approach, as if interest were quickening.

When "court" opened, on July 10, the Chief looked up at the two partners with a very judicial cast of countenance. Miss Ingram was breathlessly anxious; spots of red came and went in her cheeks. Miss Warner was pale; she put one hand on the edge of the desk, as if to steady herself.

"The case of the Department vs. Ingram & Co.," the chief said sonorously, "in the matter of the application of the plaintiff for the appointment of receivers." He searched each face with a quick eye, evidently to see that an attitude of becoming gravity was being maintained, and then continued: "The application for receivership is denied. The court is further permitted to state that the bid submitted for handling the business of the 'desk ahead' is accepted, as witness the signed contract therefor." He handed to Miss Warner her official designation and promotion. And then, as the partners began to stammer their thanks, he got quickly to his feet.

"Not a word; not a word! I've looked into the matter, thoroughly; you've earned it. But, if ever Ingram & Co.,—here he paused and regarded them humorously, as if to prepare them for a joke that was to eclipse all previous puny efforts at whimsicality and set a future standard,—but if ever Ingram & Co. decide to incorporate and take over the business of the whole department, I hereby ask the favor beforehand of being retained by them in my present humble capacity."

Jack Farrington's Beanstalk

By DAVID LORAIN and ARTHUR FLOYD HENDERSON

Illustrated by DUDLEY G. SUMMERS

Chapter VIII. A TRICK OF THE GIANT

NO sooner did Jack reach New York on this second journey, his second attack on the Giant's House, than he took his old room at the West 46th Street lodging-house. Scatterbright greeted him with a hug and not merely a handshake.

"Bless you, I'm glad to see you," he cried. "I knew you weren't licked. What is the old rhyme? 'Turn again, Whittington, Lord Mayor of London!' Turn again, Farrington! Boy, I'm delighted to see you."

The cartoonist was making fine headway now. His cartoons not only appeared in a New York newspaper but were syndicated among several papers in other cities. They were "comics" of a rather new kind, not merely crass and vulgar, but full of sunny good humor. And they were well drawn. Scat's long years of study in art school were repaying him now. His weekly check was more than \$100, but he was as friendly and unspoiled as ever.

Jack tore himself away reluctantly from Scat, and went to visit Mr. Townsend at the bank.

"Very, very glad to see you," said Mr. Townsend, cordially. "I want to congratulate you. It was magnificent."

Jack was profoundly puzzled by the man's attitude. Mr. Townsend explained, by giving him a fat bundle of press clippings. Jack's eyes opened wide as he looked through them. His behavior during the coal strike had been reported far and wide. The newspaper editors had been genuinely interested in the story of how a mere boy, left in charge of a coal yard, had distributed coal with unprecedented fairness and justice. It is a strange thing that even the most high-minded newspaper editors, who would prefer to print stories about honorable actions and bravery and resourcefulness, are usually forced to fall back upon sensational crimes. An ideal newspaper story was the story of Jack Binns, the brave radio operator in days when the radio was new, who stuck to his post on the sinking steamship Republic. Such a story, from the standpoint of selling more newspapers and interesting more readers, far outweighs a loathsome murder or

scandal. But men like Jack Binns are rare, and so are the opportunities that come to them to show their quality. But Jack Farrington had never seen these clippings, nor was he much interested in personal publicity. He put the bundle back on Mr. Townsend's desk.

"Would you like to keep them?" asked the banker.

"Oh, no. All that was long ago."

"It was magnificent," repeated Mr. Townsend. "Mr. Atwood says he is proud of you. Why, your company secured all the business in town."

And the banker went on to offer Jack his old job back again. Jack declined it politely. But it pleased him to know that the bank wanted him.

"I thought you would decline," remarked Mr. Townsend. "You are primarily a writer and a public speaker, but you have the gift of knowing what people want, and I think you should stay in business. Mr. Atwood has something else for you."

After a ten-minute interview with the bank president, Mr. Worthington Atwood, Jack left the building with his head held high, and a letter of introduction in his pocket, addressed to one of the bank's principal customers, the Hon. Merritt Clay Wilson. It was too late to present the letter that day, and Jack went back to Scatterbright's room. In a few minutes the two cronies were having one of their old time "feasts" of crackers and ginger ale.

"Business is funny," said Jack soberly. "It is like an endless chain. You meet people, and you never get away from them. A few months ago, I was saying good-by to Mr. Atwood and feeling angry and sore enough to want to punch his nose—and now I've just been down there thanking him for giving me an introduction to his best customer. One job springs from the former one, doesn't it? They aren't just luck."

"There's no such thing as luck," answered Scat. "When I first started to peddle my pictures in this town, three years ago, there was a red-headed office boy in the office of the Morning Mail. I used to stop and joke with him, while waiting to see the art editor. Once I lent the boy twenty cents for lunch, when he was broke. I forgot all about it—but that boy is art editor of the Mail now, and that's where I sell my pictures."

"Every other paper in the city would like to get them," answered Jack loyally.

"Maybe so," drawled Scat. "But, you see, this boy and I know each other. Jack, there's no way to get away from people who know you, or know all about you. You can't even do it any more by moving west. Somebody from the home town is sure to come along, or to write to a friend about you. This is a smaller world than we think, Jack, and I want people to like me and help me along."

Next morning Jack went to the address that Mr. Atwood had given him. It was a handsome, marble building, once a dwelling-house. There was a small, polished bronze plate on the door, inscribed "The Sembach Institute" in black letters. A manservant opened the door when Jack rang, and after glancing at the address on the letter of introduction which Jack took from his pocket he led the way across a broad hall to a private elevator.

Keenly alive to impressions, Jack noticed that there were beautiful palms in this hall, and a marble pool full of Japanese goldfish. A fountain played in the pool. Even the elevator was beautifully decorated in gold and green. Jack knew that this was a hospital or clinic of some kind—Mr. Atwood had told him so. But it had none of the smell of the ordinary hospital, the peculiar mixed odor of ether and of gruel, of rubber mats and carbolic acid. The Sembach Institute seemed more like a palace of some kind, a millionaire's home or club. And Jack had no doubt at all that the man to whom he was led was the owner, the Hon. Merritt Clay Wilson himself.

This man was sitting at a writing-table in a large room, furnished tastefully with French furniture. He was a large and bulky person, with a black cutaway coat, and the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor on his lapel. His complexion was ruddy, and he had snowy-white hair. He rose and shook hands cordially with Jack.

"You are the young man about whom Mr. Atwood telephoned to me," he said. "I am glad to see you. In a few minutes, Mr. Benedict Supplee will explain our work to you. You are young. You have life's adventures in front of you. I hope you may be favored as I was: able to devote part of your life to making money and part to public

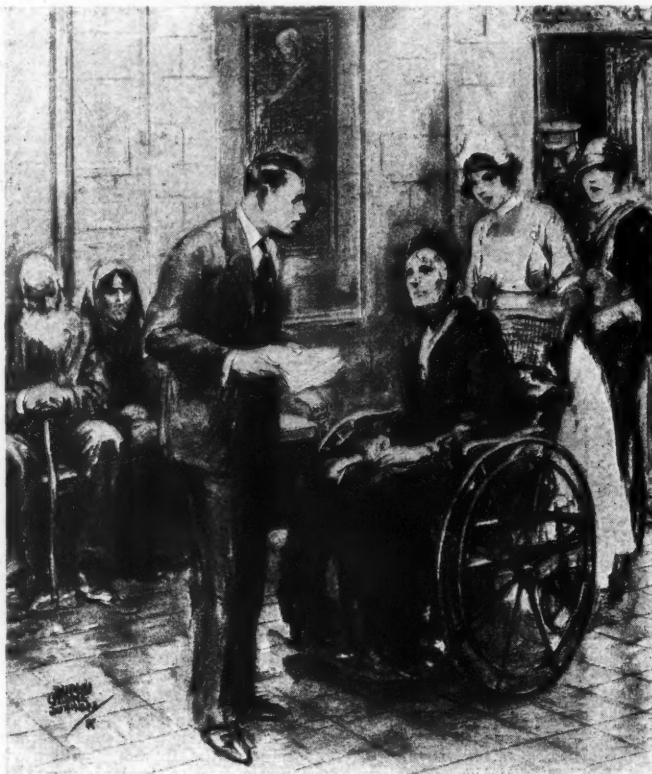
service. There comes a time in every successful man's life when he desires to do whatever he can for his fellow men."

He smiled benevolently. Jack was bewildered. But Mr. Wilson's dark-blue eye was on him, and Mr. Wilson's whole manner expressed benignity and charm. This was the famous American financier and real-estate owner, who had been minister to Austria. He had the true diplomatic manner, grave and yet courteous. He knew how to make young men feel at home.

"I wish you could have been with me for a year at Vienna," he went on. "Nothing teaches a young man so much about the world as such an experience. But this is even finer and more useful. There we served

arteries could be kept young, there is no reason why many of us should not be young at seventy and still vigorous and useful at a hundred years of age. You know, too, about the thyroid and the pituitary glands, and what a mystery they have been to physicians in the past. Doctor Sembach has discovered how they function, and this is part of the miracle. Devoting his whole life to practice among poor people and to laboratory research in Vienna, he has made discoveries that will rank him, in medical history, as the greatest healer of all time."

Jack was astonished by this announcement. Deep inside him, a small voice seemed to bid him be on his guard. But Mr. Supplee went on to tell of Doctor Sembach's long



Patients were beginning to appear. Most of these people were obviously well-to-do, but some were in straitened circumstances. Nearly all were middle-aged or elderly folk

the international policies of our nation. Here we shall serve all our fellow American men and women, removing one of the greatest of fears from their lives. Ah, I must introduce you to Mr. Supplee. You must put yourself entirely in his hands, and you will find him your best friend."

IT was all amazing. Jack turned and saw a man of about forty, immaculately dressed—a man with smooth blond hair, and a firmly jutting jaw, and a look of experience. And then Mr. Wilson got up from his chair and went away to an appointment downtown. Mr. Benedict Supplee sat down and began to ask questions. Jack answered them faithfully; he realized that Mr. Supplee was finding out all about him, searching his most secret ideals and aspirations. Jack told about his father's failure and death, his widowed mother's hard struggle to bring up the family on the insurance money, and his own failure at the bank. He told Mr. Supplee what kind of books he read and how he spent his Sundays. He submitted to questions of the most personal kind about his habits—never before had he been cross-examined in this way.

"Could you believe," said Mr. Supplee at last, "that ten years ago Mr. Wilson was a dying man? The greatest American specialists could do nothing for him. And now he is in perfect health at seventy. Who did this for him? Who can work the same miracle for any man or woman?"

Mr. Supplee had bright greenish eyes, set close together; they darted around the room, never resting long on anything.

"Dr. Heinrich Sembach worked this cure," he said. "You know something about hardening of the arteries. It is the usual fate of elderly people; it brings about high blood pressure, it exhausts the heart, it eventually kills most people past middle age. If our

series of experiments, resulting in his discovery of a specific for arteriosclerosis—the medical term for hardening of the arteries. "This will banish the greatest fear of all old people," he said impressively.

After a longer description of the remedy, Mr. Supplee went on to tell Jack that there was a vacancy in the Institute for a young man of the best character who could write good letters and other publicity, and who would be confidential secretary to Mr. Supplee himself.

"We must advertise Doctor Sembach," said Mr. Supplee. "We must prepare newspaper reports and magazine articles. We must make the great, unthinking public realize what this discovery means to them. We must carry the news to every American family, so that they will send us their loved ones whose lives are despaired of—and we will heal them and make them well."

And then, after a pause, he told Jack that Mr. Wilson was supporting this enterprise with all his fortune. An effort would be made by the Institute to meet current expenses, so that even Mr. Wilson's immense resources would not be drained away. But not since the crusades, according to Mr. Supplee, had any human enterprise ever been undertaken with less desire for material profits.

"This is a crusade for health," he said in conclusion. "The Institute is really a clinic. Our two resident physicians, Doctors Sawyer and Drobach, were trained by Doctor Sembach himself. They earn far less than they could make in private practice. But that is the crusader's spirit. We have it here, in all our hearts. We are dedicating ourselves, heart and soul, to the greatest task in human history—the conquest of sickness and death."

Mr. Supplee waited a long time and then turned to Jack with a penetrating look in his eyes like little green beads.

"I summon you to our side," he said. "You will work under me. Our publicity is in the hands of Mr. Alexander Hamilton Matts, the greatest publicity engineer in America. You will help him wherever you can. I should like you to begin tomorrow. Is that satisfactory?"

Jack nodded his head. He was carried away by the importance of the work Mr. Supplee had proposed to him.

EARLY next morning he reported for work and was given a little room to himself. He was directed to read many medical books and articles and to talk to the resident doctors. At the end of the week he was agreeably surprised to find that his pay envelope contained more than he had been receiving at the coal company office in Lambert. Meanwhile patients were beginning to appear and to write, and Jack was taught how to answer the letters. Most of these people were obviously well-to-do, but some were in straitened circumstances. Jack pitied them, and at the same time felt glad for them. Nearly all were middle-aged or elderly folk.

At the end of a month Jack was in the full swing of the work. The correspondence had grown heavy, and it doubled in size after Mr. Matts wrote an interview with Doctor Sembach which appeared in a leading monthly magazine. "Would You Live to Be a Hundred?—You Can" it was headed. And the subtitle said that Doctor Sembach's patients in Austria were many of them hale and hearty, though far past the allotted span of threescore years and ten.

A week after this article appeared Doctor Sembach arrived from Vienna. Thanks to the energy of Mr. Matts, his arrival caused a sensation. A hundred little girls, all dressed in white, marched down to the pier, each bearing a small white flag with the word "health" on it in red letters. This seemed to Jack, and doubtless to thousands of others, very symbolic and beautiful. Doctor Sembach seemed startled by it. He was a short man in a long black coat, and with a sharp nose; his grizzled gray beard was trimmed to a point. He was evidently confused by the warmth of the welcome.

The evening papers all carried a statement by him. "As a physician," it read, "I cannot make sensational claims for my discovery. It is enough to say that it has added many years to the lives of the poor people who have been my patients in my own country, in Germany and in France." This statement was modest; and for this reason all the more convincing to thousands of readers.

At the Institute, Doctor Sembach received reporters, and Mr. Supplee translated his answers to their questions. He could speak no English. He remained for the most part in seclusion at Mr. Wilson's residence, emerging only to give lectures in his own tongue at medical meetings and to diagnose and prescribe for a few patients of the utmost importance. Each of them was given a set of rules for diet and for general hygiene; each of them was asked to memorize a short form of words, beginning "Health is wealth," and each was instructed to take a certain quantity, each day, of Doctor Sembach's specific. It had a long chemical name, which was abbreviated in usual parlance to H-S.

After a month, Doctor Sembach retired to Europe as conspicuously as he had come. The hundred little girls were at the pier again, and they waved their flags as the steamer moved slowly away. A farewell statement appeared in the newspapers. Doctor Sembach reminded his American friends that he left physicians trained by himself at the Sembach Institute—junior physicians, who spoke English and who were fully able to diagnose and to cure.

But it had become evident to Jack, by this time, that the chief object of the clinic was to distribute H-S, at \$6 for an eight-ounce bottle. A chemical laboratory was rented in Long Island City, under the direction of a staff chemist engaged by Mr. Supplee. H-S was put up in brown bottles, and the purchaser was cautioned to keep the bottle in a cool place, and to use its contents promptly, before they could decompose. The formula was kept secret.

"H-S is a very delicate compound, chemically," explained Mr. Supplee. "It could not be compounded by an ordinary chemist. We must guard the secret."

There was a further safeguard, too. H-S was not sold at the drug stores like ordinary patent medicines and nostrums. It could be bought only through the patient's own physician. And a professional discount of fifty per cent was extended to him, so that he bought H-S for \$3 and sold it for \$6.

Jack once remarked that this seemed a very high discount, as H-S was so expensive to compound.

Mr. Supplee glanced at him sharply. "The physicians of America are self-sacrificing men," he said. "Here at last is an opportunity to enrich them a little. I am proud to think that many a country doctor will have his monthly income largely increased through H-S."

These words were true. Whenever a man or woman wrote to the Institute, asking for H-S, Jack sent back a reply explaining that it could only be obtained from the local physician, and asking for his name and address. Then Jack wrote to the physician. Often the physician replied, ordering H-S. Jack was finally allowed to supervise all the Institute's mail. He learned to write brief, convincing letters. He learned how to overcome the average doctor's prejudices. In no case was the doctor asked to pay in advance for H-S; he was invited to send for a dozen bottles, with the privilege of paying for them after he had prescribed them to his own patients.

SOON Jack found himself in charge of a staff of ten stenographers, and with a card index of more than 3500 doctors whose names and addresses had been sent to him.

"Those doctors are the greatest force of salesmen in America," remarked Mr. Supplee, in high glee. "Most firms have a hard time finding salesmen, and are obliged to pay them large sums. Our salesmen are all found for us. They are reputable physicians, whose advice is eagerly followed in their home towns. And they cost us nothing at all."

Jack could not understand this. It seemed to him that the doctors were costing the Sembach Institute \$3 a bottle. But the sales were mounting up prodigiously. After six months, H-S was selling more than \$100,000 worth a month. Jack knew that these immense sales were more than enough to support the Institute; he was glad to hear, one morning, that Mr. Wilson was considering founding a branch in Chicago, and another in Los Angeles.

"Think of your work," said Mr. Matts to him one day, "not in terms of money but of people. Do not be disturbed if a million dollars comes in. Think of a million people restored to health. Everyone has a dread of old age. We are putting that dread out of their minds. Farrington, this is the finest campaign of my life. And the best thing about it is that we don't have to worry about a single testimonial."

"Worry?"

"Well, we aren't paying for a single letter."

"Paying for a letter? Are testimonial letters ever paid for?"

"Why, of course," answered the publicity expert. "Most of them are paid for, in one way or another. That is why I am so particularly glad that all the H-S testimonials are genuine. It is wonderful stuff. Everybody who takes it seems to feel that it does him good."

Jack brooded over this conversation. But he did not lose his conviction that the work was a useful work. All his good qualities found expression—his genuine sympathy with other people, his warm-hearted and impulsive interest in their welfare, and his natural ability to write well, which he sharpened by good reading. The public library was a great resource to him. He read biography and history. He accumulated a great stock of sayings and of anecdotes. His letters, and the magazine articles which he wrote, grew better and better. And his salary, generous at the beginning, grew larger as he made himself almost indispensable to Mr. Supplee.

Without knowing it, Jack was really taking part in one of those amazing booms which come, every now and then, to manufactured articles which take this vast country's fancy. The sales of H-S mounted to dizzy heights. All over the country people were taking it and repeating Doctor Sembach's catchwords. "Health is wealth," and the rest of it, became a household word. Jack sent home \$10 a week, then \$20. But he deposited a snug little sum every pay day, too, in a savings bank; it was the fund with which he expected to buy his mother's home for her.

One day he found himself walking toward the Seth Low High School, where his first New York friend, Mr. Johnson Fales Smith, was assistant principal. He found the dynamic, outspoken little teacher in his office.

"I'm at the Sembach Institute," Jack said, in response to a question.

There was pride in the boy's voice. He was full of belief that he was taking part in a noble work for humanity. The spaciousness and comfort of the Institute had captivated his imagination. So, in still greater degree, had the letters from the thousands of grateful users of H-S who proclaimed themselves cured.

"I wonder if you feel proud of yourself?" asked Mr. Smith.

"Why—I suppose so. It's the finest work a fellow could be in."

"Possibly you think so. Tell me about H-S."

While Jack answered, the little man listened attentively, observing the boy's sensitive, flushed face, his honest eyes, and the vibrant note in his voice. But Mr. Smith's expression did not soften.

"I suppose," he said, "that you know just what H-S is."

"No, I don't. No one knows, except Doctor Sembach himself, and the chemist at our laboratory."

"Then I'll tell you. Chemistry is my subject, you may know. H-S interested me very much, as it did most other people. But I analyzed it. H-S sells, I believe, for \$6 an eight-ounce bottle. To make it costs, let me see, about twenty cents a gallon. Doesn't it seem odd, Farrington, that an Institute dedicated to humanitarian work should want such a high profit?"

Jack was silent. But all his old forebodings came back and made him uncomfortable.

"H-S is mostly water," Mr. Smith went on. "The percentage of alcohol is marked on the wrapper, as the law prescribes. There is also a little glucose, a little coloring matter, and a pinch of soda and potash. As for its ability to cure any disease—well, a teaspoonful of baking soda in a glass of water would be just as good, probably better."

"But the letters we have received?" Jack was desperate now. "The testimonials from grateful patients?"

"Farrington," said Mr. Smith, "a great many men and women are as light-headed as sheep. They have no original ideas, no serious judgment. They want to be well. They accept Doctor Sembach's reputation without asking questions. They like the buncombe he makes them learn by heart. Perhaps they follow his rules of diet, which are all right—the principal rule, you will note, is to quit eating before you stuff yourself. And that's mere common sense. It will make any glutton feel better. As for H-S, it is just a fake—and a particularly cruel one, in my opinion."

He pushed a paper across the desk to Jack.

"I did not trust my own analysis," he said. "All your publicity has been so clever, all your quackery so well disguised. But I sent H-S to a testing laboratory. Here is their report."

WILLS have been hidden in queer places and sometimes found after long search, sometimes never found, or not till every rightful beneficiary was dead.

Often and often we young folks heard Grandmother Ruth exclaim, "Oh, Joseph, if only I had what Uncle Pliny meant for me to have, how easy it would make things now! If we had put it to interest then, it would have more than doubled by this time."

Ruth Pepperill had been Captain Bexar's favorite niece, and he had frequently told her that he was going to leave her a fine "setting out" against the time she married. But he died suddenly, and, although the heirs had searched high and low, nearly tore the house down—they could find neither the will, his money nor yet his property deeds and other papers.

This was the more vexatious because it was well known that he had made a will. His lawyers and several others had seen it and were more or less acquainted with the contents. It was suspected, too, that the old man had secreted it. Twelve years previously, at the age of sixty-eight, he had contracted an injudicious third marriage with a lady of uncertain temper, who left him, but after his death had laid claim to his property. It was known that Captain Pliny was afraid of her and dreaded what she might do, and that she was wont to return secretly to the house at times when the captain was absent. All through his younger days he had been a sea-faring man and a ship-owner, but at length he had returned to pass his last years at the old Bexar

Jack read the paper with stupefaction. It confirmed all that Mr. Smith had said.

"You will notice that this analysis is made by well-known chemists," said Mr. Smith, still looking searchingly at Jack.

"But if this is a fraud," gasped the boy, "why doesn't the law put an end to it?"

"The law moves slowly," replied Mr. Smith. "Some day, your chief will be indicted. But he has been crafty. He has not promised to cure anything. You have let the sufferer base his hopes upon a very vague, unproved assumption that the mysterious Doctor Sembach has worked miracles. Your testimonials have not been forged. Oh, sooner or later, some public-spirited man will expose you; some newspaper will get the facts and print them. Even then, it will be a long time before H-S loses its hold over the public mind."

Jack was crying now. His dreams had fallen flat; his hopes of personal success, his desire to help his mother and her younger children—all were frustrated.

"I see you knew nothing about the fraudulent side of it," said Mr. Smith. "And yet most of the employees in fraudulent enterprises are always innocent. They leap first, and look around afterwards. The idea that you have been swindling many invalids into buying a sort of slightly medicated alcoholic drink comes to you as a shock. Probably you have based high hopes on your success at the Institute. You have probably served your employer there well and faithfully. Now what are you going to do?"

"You know," said Jack Farrington.

THE little man put out his hand. He noticed that the boy's face had turned white.

"Don't count it as entirely a defeat," he said. "It is inevitable for all of us to learn about the seamy side of life. We can't banish ugly facts by shutting our eyes to them. Medicine frauds and investment frauds are practiced in America on a huge scale. Don't let H-S make you feel bitter against physicians, just because one physician has deceived you. Nine tenths of them are honorable men, who will eventually prevent the diseases that the quacks are now claiming to cure. Be brave, Farrington. Resign from this swindle today, and remember that I respect you very much for your attitude. You won't be fooled again. You plunged into this thing blindly, as a boy too often will, without stopping to investigate. In this world you must be cautious, you must look before you leap. I can see that you are not contaminated by your experience. I hope that you will find some honorable occupation—and I am sure you will."

Jack went out feeling stunned. But as

soon as his head cleared, he went straight to Mr. Supplee's office.

"I thought H-S was on the level," he said. "Well, I now know that it is not. I'm through."

Benedict Supplee looked up with a scowl. "Stop at the cashier's office on your way out," he said coolly, "and get the three days' salary due you."

"I'm not interested in your money."

"That is news to me," remarked Mr. Supplee, with a sneer.

Jack was startled. He had expected angry words, and a scene. But Mr. Supplee had turned back to his work, ignoring Jack.

"H-S is a fraud," Jack went on. "You have swindled all these innocent people; I shall write to Mr. Wilson and tell him so."

"Your letter will be profoundly interesting to him, I suppose—if he hasn't forgotten all about your existence."

Jack stared at the man. He wanted to make some gesture of defiance—to march out, as it were, with colors flying and a flourish of trumpets. That was the boy in him. But Mr. Supplee was so calm that Jack did not know what to do.

"I feel like reporting you to the police," said the boy.

Mr. Supplee rose to his feet.

"Your cheap threats make me so tired," he began, "that I think I shall—"

His fist shot out like lightning and thudded against Jack's jaw. The blow was wholly unexpected and came with the full weight of the man behind it. Jack fell. The man thought that the boy's spirit would be broken. But he was wrong. Jack got up again, shaking his head to clear it of dizziness. Then he ran straight and hard toward Mr. Supplee.

Jack went back to Lambert on the evening train. His head ached badly, and the emotional strain of the day had worn him out. He had a memory of his last few seconds in the Institute, and of Mr. Supplee reeling back from the one blow that Jack had struck him. Fighting is wrong. Jack could not decide if he had fought in a good cause or not. Everything seemed wrong. He tried to read the evening paper, and it swam before his eyes. Only one item stood out. It told of the death of the Hon. Merritt Clay Wilcox. He had died suddenly in London, of apoplexy—a disease that Doctor Sembach professed to cure.

Jack stared at the lights of northern New York City as the train carried him away. "I tried hard," he muttered to himself. "I did the best I could, and it wasn't good enough. I am through with New York—forever!"

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

The Lost Legacy

By C. A. STEPHENS

Illustrated by HEMAN FAY



Uncle Dresser's brothers, Erban and Calvin, broke into our house one night

mansion, in a village a few miles out of Manchester, N. H.

We heard so much of those trouble-breeding wills and quarreling heirs that I remember our dear, peace-loving Old Squire exclaiming with great heat for him that he wished it were unlawful to make a will. "Let the common law divide the property a man leaves, among his proper heirs, as it does when he dies intestate," he said. "If a

man wishes to give money to charities, or for any other purpose, he would better do so before he dies. But, for the good Lord's sake, let him never make a will and hide it!"

This was a great deal for the Old Squire to say. In fact he only said it after Uncle Dresser's brothers, Erban and Calvin, came and broke into our house one night, on the utterly unfounded suspicion that our folks were in league with Cousin Molly Totherly to get Uncle Dresser's money away from them! Sad to relate, there is no accusation too bad for envious heirs to make. I well recall what a terrible week we passed at the old farm, Calvin and Erban prowling about in the vicinity and threatening us with all sorts of legal proceedings.

It was therefore not surprising when, a year or two later, Captain Bexar died over in New Hampshire and tidings were sent to Grandmother Ruth that the Old Squire was reluctant to attend the funeral or to appear in any way among the prospective heirs; for it was known that the captain's third marriage had been an unhappy one and that there would probably be trouble over the property.

"Better let them settle it among themselves," the Old Squire advised. "Let's keep away. I don't want to get mixed up in it."

But Grandmother Ruth thought it more decent to attend the funeral, and in point of fact they did so, but left for home while the house was being searched for the will. Wife number three, still a handsome young woman, was present in force, so to speak, for she had with her several of her own relatives and her lawyer. Captain Bexar's

daughter, Madeline, by his second marriage, and four or five of his nephews and nieces of the Bexar name were also present, silent and looking suspicious; in short, the Old Squire saw quite enough within an hour or two to cause him to hasten away.

Captain Bexar was supposed to be wealthy, and sufficient talk had gone abroad concerning his will and its contents to make all these relatives sharp-set to find it and secure their shares. They hunted during all that afternoon and far into the night.

By this time, however, Grandmother Ruth and the Old Squire were well on their way home to Maine, and only afterward did they hear that no will and no ready money or bank deposits had been found, and that the captain's third wife was strongly suspected of having destroyed the will and appropriating whatever she could lay hands on; making a clean sweep for herself of everything except the old mansion, which she declared Madeline might have and welcome, since the associations there had been too unpleasant for her to wish ever again to set foot in it.

Briefly, there was no end of hard feeling, the captain's kindred declaring that this third spouse of his was a modern Jezebel, capable of every conceivable trick—much of which was wholly unjust to her. She had in truth secured very little; none of them had, for that matter, since not much in the way of estate could be located.

For good reason, perhaps, the old captain had kept his personal affairs largely to himself; yet the idea prevailed that he had been very well off—which was a fact. No will turned up, and years passed; but the rancor lived on.

OUR folks in Maine heard rarely now from those New Hampshire relatives. Indirectly, however, it was learned that Madeline Bexar was married and had a son, called Francis Bexar Bowen, who had grown to manhood. The much maligned third wife had also married and borne a son bearing the name of Edward Sessions. Meanwhile we young folks of that generation had gone home to the Old Squire's to live and in due course began to go our ways out into the world, for ourselves, Addison to Yale University, Theodora to her school for Indian girls, in Dakota—those little brown maids of a vanishing race to whom the best years of her young life were devoted.

While attending a convention, at Pierre, Theodora chanced to meet a young man named Francis Bowen, educated at a New England college, but at that time a supervisor of schools in this then new territory of the Northwest. After that they met several times, but a year or more passed before the discovery was made that they were related—in short, that Bowen was none other than the son of Madeline Bexar Bowen, daughter of old Captain Pliny. Family matters became a subject of mutual interest. This Cousin Francis was evidently a fine fellow and had done remarkably well for himself in the West. For a year or two Theodora's letters home contained a great deal about him; and at length she unfolded a grand project which she and "Cousin Frank"—as she began to call him—had hit upon: to buy the old Bexar homestead, repair the house and make it a rallying place for the long disunited descendants of the family; a home where each and all of them could repair to spend their summer vacations, forget disagreeable by-gones and stand together as a family should for the future.

It was a scheme after Theodora's own heart. As many of us as felt able were invited to chip in a hundred dollars each, to put the enterprise through. When this was accomplished and all was in readiness, Theodora and Francis meant to have a home-week festival there. It was one of the first of those commendable plans, now quite common, to renovate our old New England mansions and preserve them for family reunions.

Addison and Ellen were duly notified, also the few living Bexars, and finally most of those related by blood, if not by name. Three of the old captain's nephews, Milton, Fletcher and Clinton, still survived. His daughter, Madeline Bowen, had died ten years previously, as had the third Mrs. Pliny Bexar, long suspected of having made way with the old man's money. But her son, Ned Sessions, responded jovially to Theodora's invitation. "I will be there," he wrote. "And here is my money"—for which he inclosed a cheque. "I believe the Mater"—meaning his mother—"was not wholly popular with the Bexars," he went on,

"but I shall be there to speak for her. I am positive she never got a dollar of the old captain's money. Nobody did, so far as I ever heard. Where it went, if any there was, Heaven only knows! I have heard my mother say that the captain never put money in banks; he didn't trust them."

Theodora and this new Cousin Francis came east in July that summer; the present writer met them in Boston. Addison journeyed up from New Haven to join us, and the next day we left for New Hampshire to call on the surviving members of the family and take a look at the old mansion. We learned that it had passed into the hands of a neighbor, who was now renting the house to French Canadians working in the mills at Manchester.

Truth to say, the place wore a disheartening aspect. In former years it had been a hand-

foundation it had been started twelve feet square; and originally there had been three brick fireplaces, two large ovens and three "ash-holes" on the first floor, with three other fireplaces on the second. In later years, after stoves had come into use, one of the ovens was bricked up and the wainscoting brought over the mouth of it.

This work of demolition had been going on for two or three days when an urgent telegram reached me in Boston, from Theodora. "Come at once and wire Addison," it read.

I knew that it must mean something important, if not serious, and set off by the one o'clock train, reaching the Bexar place at four. Theodora met me at the door. "What is it, Doad?" I cried. "Nobody hurt, I hope!"

"A very strange discovery," she replied in low tones. "It is like a voice from the dead! Frank has gone to Concord to summon all the surviving relatives," she added.

"What in the world is it?" I still questioned.

"Come with me and see for yourself," she enjoined. "I thought it best to send for everyone and remove no more of the bricks until some of you arrived," she explained as we entered the house.

The chimney had been removed down to the lower story, and the arched top, or roof, of the closed-up oven beside the fireplace in the west room had been broken in. Theodora led me to this room. "It is in the old oven," she told me. "By standing on this bench you can look down into it."

I did so and saw seven or eight dusty strings, like fishlines, and on the end of each was tied a thin package of old, yellowed papers. These strings all led up to a spike, driven into the bricks inside the chimney, and were tied or wound about it. Directly over the spike was a loose brick which had now fallen nearly out.

"I thought I wouldn't remove anything till somebody came," Theodora repeated. "But I pulled up two of the packages and looked into them enough to see that they belonged to old Uncle Pliny Bexar."

"The old captain's lost papers!" I exclaimed. "Yes, this is where he kept his papers; and one of the packages contains a will—that missing will! Only think of it! After all these years and after all their searchings! It was right here all the time, within a yard of them!"

"But however did the old man get to it, himself?" I wondered. For the oven mouth was solidly bricked up, two bricks thick. But the spike and the loose brick in the chimney side gave us the clew. When he desired to go to the hiding-place, the cunning old mariner must have donned some rough garment, his oil-skin perhaps, and then stood inside the smutty fireplace with his head up the chimney flue. Standing thus erect, he was able to reach that loose brick in the wall, between the chimney and the oven and by removing it he could put his hand inside the oven and reach the string attached to the spike. In this manner it would be easy to pull out any of the packages.

In fact it was a safe and shrewdly devised hiding-place. No thief would ever think of looking there, and if the house burned neither flame nor heat would have penetrated the thick brick-work about the old oven.

We felt it would be wiser to leave everything as found until all or most of the kindred had assembled; but, fearing that the workmen had seen it, I deemed it safer to take charge of it at once, before nightfall. Theodora procured a wicker basket from the kitchen, and we removed the packages carefully, one by one. The last string was tied to the end of a long piece of garden hose, similar to a large money belt, and it was so

heavy that I could scarcely lift it out. We carried the basket to Theodora's lodgings, and she guarded it watchfully over night, neither of us making any further examination of our singular find.

The aged Milton, Fletcher and Clinton Bexar arrived the next morning, also two of the Trowbridges with Addison; but young Edward Sessions did not reach us till the following forenoon. Theodora and Francis particularly wished him to be present when the packages were opened.

On the second day after the discovery, however, a quorum of the living heirs was assembled, a legal gentleman summoned, and, following a luncheon set out beneath an apple tree in the orchard, Theodora and I brought forth the basket, and Cousin Francis, after certain well-chosen remarks befitting the humor as well as the solemnity of the occasion, proceeded to empty the money belt on the table and foot up the contents. It contained gold, as we had suspected from its weight: American eagles and half-eagles, English sovereigns and many Spanish doubloons, probably obtained by the old captain at South American and West Indian ports, on those long-ago trading voyages to the west coast of America—in all rising twenty thousand dollars in value.

HAVING assuaged our curiosity as to this, we turned to the will, that long-sought, missing will, the cause of so many suspicions and recriminations. The document ran in the usual manner, avowing that the testator, being of sound mind and aware of the uncertainty of life, made this legal disposition of his worldly goods and declared this paper to be his last will and testament.

"To my beloved daughter Madeline Bexar (it ran), I give and bequeath the sum of seven thousand dollars and our present homestead with all that it contains, except that I give and bequeath to my third wife, Amy-ann Cargill Bexar, the furniture of the room which she had occupied in my house, and the sum of one hundred dollars only, for she has made my life very unpleasant."

This last clause was indeed an embarrassing one to be read in the presence of young Sessions. He carried it off very well, however, remarking humorously that a man who was rash enough to marry a third time deserved all that came to him.

Following the legacy to Madeline, came one "to my dear nephew, Milton Bexar," to whom was bequeathed "my half-ownership interest in the brig Candace, Wesley Chapman, master, now on the high seas."

"To my dear nephew, Fletcher Bexar," was bequeathed a described tract of land near the city of Portland, Ore.

To another nephew, Clinton Bexar, was bequeathed three described lots of land in the city of Savannah, Ga., and the sum of three thousand dollars in money.

"To my affectionate niece, Ruth Pepperill" (that was poor, dear Gram) was bequeathed the sum of three thousand dollars.

"To my faithful housekeeper and friend, Martha Gilchrist," was bequeathed the sum of twenty-five hundred dollars. Old Martha had died and never saw a cent of it! But it was right there in the oven all the time. There were eight minor bequests to the Trowbridges and others.

The will was properly sealed, signed in a round, heavy hand by Pliny Bexar and attested by three witnesses, presumably at New London, Conn.

The remainder of the papers were deeds, marine insurance policies, receipts, discharges, and so forth.

If told in full, this narrative might go on to describe in detail the restoration of the old Bexar mansion and the pleasant reunions held there during succeeding years; but I am relating it only to tell of Grandmother Ruth's long-lost legacy, which she received, but not till after all those many years!

Age had now dimmed the delight with which she would have hailed it at the age of seventeen; but she still cherished a desire for two articles of personal adornment which had caught her fancy in her young womanhood; namely, a "victorine" of fitch fur and a really fine black velvet gown. These she had secured, and then, well, first of all, she gave the Old Squire a beautiful gold watch, a chronometer, though the old gentleman had little use for such a timekeeper. He displayed it in public but once, and that was to time a horse trot at our county fair.

Afterward Grandmother presented Addison and my unworthy self each a handsome fur overcoat; and later she divided the larger portion of her legacy between Theodora and Ellen.



The last string was tied to a piece of garden hose, similar to a money belt—and it was so heavy I could scarcely lift it out

some residence, painted white, with green blinds and a fine Colonial fan over the front entrance. Now scarcely a trace of paint adhered to the shattered clapboards, all the blinds were gone save one that hung by a single hinge, and there were more broken panes of glass than sound ones, in the windows. Ell, stable and barns rivaled the house in dilapidation. Fences were down, fields grown up to bushes, and orchards and old balm o' Gileads, scraggly and unkempt.

In all the world is there anything so pitiful and depressing as an old homestead in such last stages of neglect and decay? Theodora sighed as we gazed about the place. "Twill be a difficult task, but of course it can be done," she asserted hopefully.

To negotiate with the present owner for the purchase of the property was our first move. We found him glad to part with it for a reasonable price.

But my present story is concerned less with this than with what the ruinous old edifice yielded up as the task of renovation advanced.

AFTER work began that first summer, Addison was only occasionally at the Bexar place, and I was much away, being occupied at the office of a young people's weekly paper in Boston. But Theodora and our newly discovered Cousin Francis, spent several days every week in the vicinity, to supervise the workmen.

To begin with, it had been decided to remove the huge chimney that occupied a vast deal of space at the center of the house, in order to utilize the entire floor as a living-room, hall and dining-room, since these rooms would need to be of good size for the family gatherings.

Tearing out this old brick structure was therefore the first step taken. From the

LAST year I went on the Beebe trip to the Galapagos Islands on the freight steamer Arcturus, which was all fixed up especially for the journey. This was a scientific expedition down to the equator to get deep-sea specimens, some of them caught at a depth of nearly three miles. The islands where we went are on the equator six hundred miles west of Ecuador in South America, and going down we passed through the Panama Canal.

"Uncle Will"—that's Mr. Beebe—let me go on the Pacific part of this expedition as a sort of junior guest.

Now we are on our way to Greenland, and I am writing this on board our little schooner the Morrissey, to send it back to The Youth's Companion from Sydney, Nova Scotia.

Captain Bob Bartlett is a great friend of Dad's. It was Cap'n Bob, you remember, who was with Admiral Peary when he first reached the North Pole in 1909. Well, he and Dad often talked of a Greenland expedition, which the Captain said could be about the finest kind of a trip, with lots to do and see.

How I Became Cabin Boy

The American Museum of Natural History in New York wanted some things from the North for its new Hall of Ocean Life, as well as Arctic birds. So Dad said he would organize an expedition and get the specimens they wanted. Among these are the narwhal, the Greenland brown shark, the walrus, some kinds of seal and many birds. Of course we probably won't get all we are looking for, but even a part of it will make the trip worth while.

I was told that I could go on this trip to Greenland, and that as soon as school was over I was to go down to the shipyard on Staten Island where the Morrissey was being refitted, and that there would be plenty for me to do there. My job on the trip was to be a sort of cabin boy, with lots of real work to do.

We are to go as far North, if we can, as Etah in North Greenland. That is a little place with a few Eskimo igloos, or snow houses, only about seven hundred miles this side of the pole. In all we shall cover more than six thousand miles and shall be back in October. Perhaps if we're late Dad will send me down by train from Sydney, for school. And we're taking a couple of school books too, which he says I'll have to work at when there is time.

It is certainly exciting to look forward to the adventures which I hope we shall have. I've a Newton 2.56 rifle and a .22 rifle, and I hope to get a chance to do some shooting, although I think the most fun will be helping the scientists and the taxidermist do their work, and help get the motion pictures.

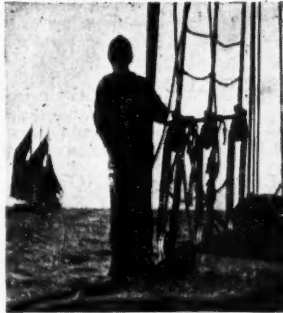
Last year Mother took me below the equator. And this year I'm going with Dad 780 miles north of the Arctic Circle—that is, if we have luck with the ice! Anyway, I'm certainly a lucky thirteen-year-old boy!

School closed on Thursday afternoon. Friday I went to Dad's office and looked over some equipment. He and I had been working over the equipment and making lists and generally getting ready, for weeks. In the afternoon we went by ferry to West New Brighton on Staten Island to the McWilliams shipyard, where our boat, the Morrissey, was.

My Crewmates

The Morrissey is a two-masted Newfoundland fishing schooner. She is one hundred feet long and has a twenty-two foot beam and draws about fourteen feet when heavily loaded. With us now she draws probably about twelve. Her crew are all Newfoundlanders, wonderful sailors in fair weather or foul. Captain Bartlett owns her, and Dad and some friends refitted her, putting in an engine and making many changes to take care of our party.

Jim is the tallest of the crew. He is over six feet and looks like a cow puncher with small hips and broad shoulders. He is a fine carpenter. Tom, the boatswain, is the oldest and most experienced. He can make almost anything that belongs on a sailing vessel. He



"Sail ho!" David Putnam sights a three-master off the port bow



This map shows the course that the Morrissey is sailing from Sydney, Nova Scotia, to Etah, Greenland

was with Peary on the Roosevelt on a couple of his trips to the North, including his one to the pole. Joe is the biggest man of the crew, and Ralph the youngest.

Billy Pritchard is about the most important man on board, to my way of thinking. He is the cook. Billy is pretty small, but he is a grand cook and has had lots of experience at sea. He has been in the Far North and has been wrecked. When the Morrissey came down from Newfoundland to get us, and the ship jumped in a heavy sea, Billy got thrown clean out of his bunk across the galley and on top of the stove.

Our skipper is Robert A. Bartlett, who has spent a good many years of his life in the Arctic waters; and is about the most experienced ice navigator living today. Cap'n Bob is most awfully nice to me, and he and his brother Will Bartlett, who is the mate, say they will help me learn the names of the ropes and to box the compass, and all that. You see, I've never made a trip on a sailing vessel before, and there is lots to learn.

Well, when I got to the ship, a paint brush was stuck in my hand and I was told to start painting on the hull, as we were then in drydock having a hole bored in the stern for the shaft for the new propeller. That day

I painted pretty near a quarter of the hull, and all day Saturday there was other painting—bunks, lockers, hatch covers, etc. And there was plenty of cleaning-up work to do.

Inside the Morrissey

The Morrissey is divided into three different cabins. The fore-cabin has six bunks, where the crew sleep. It is used for the galley also. You know, on a ship the kitchen is called the "galley." Aft of that comes the main cabin, where most of us sleep. There is a big table in the middle of the room, which is used for eating, writing, working, etc. There are twelve bunks and the wireless outfit in this cabin, and a large skylight put in where the old cargo hatch used to be.

The wireless is a short-wave outfit, run by Ed Manley, an amateur who volunteered for the job, and who has just graduated from Marietta College in Ohio. The fine big radio equipment, with which we expect to be able to talk right to home even from north of the Arctic Circle, was given to the

expedition by Mr. Atwater Kent and the National Carbon Company.

Then comes the engine room, which was once the after hold, where they stored fish and carried coal when the boat was used for freight. All around the engine are stores, crowded in tight so they can't possibly shift when the boat rolls about in a storm. Some of them belong to Knud Rassmussen and some to Professor Hobbs, whom we shall pick up at Sydney. He is going to South Greenland to study the birth of storms on the ice cap there. We are picking up Rassmussen at Disko Island on Greenland and are taking these stores for him to his trading station at Thule, near Cape York. Rassmussen is a great Danish explorer and an expert on Eskimo.

Astern of the engine room comes the after cabin, where the Captain, Dad, Mr. Raven and Mr. Streeter sleep. There are six bunks, a table, a small stove and the only chair on board. Over the table is a shelf of books, mostly about the Arctic and adventure. I have some special ones of my own to read, including "Two Years Before the Mast," "Doctor Luke of the Labrador," Hawthorne's "Wonder Book," "The Cruise of the Cachetot" and "The Last of the Mohicans." And then Dad has waiting for me a couple of school books, Latin and an English grammar, which don't sound quite so much fun.

Most of our own stores are in a special storeroom next to the galley or stored in the run and lazaret away aft. On deck we have over fifty barrels of fuel oil for our standard Diesel engine, which you probably know burns oil and not gasoline.

Up Anchor!

We started on Sunday, June 20, from the American Yacht Club on Long Island Sound. That's at Rye, our home, and most of the men in our party visited at home with us before we started.

It was a hot, sunny day, and a great many people came out in launches and inspected the Morrissey.

Grandpa's yacht, the Florida, took all the mothers and sisters and wives of our crowd, with my mother and my little brother June. They went along with us as far as Sound Beach, Conn. And then, when they had tooted their last salute, and we had answered on our fog-horn machine, we were actually off for the North.

Monday was a nice calm day, which gave Art Young and myself a chance to stow our stuff. He bunks just below me, so we have to go half and half on the lockers. Art is the bow-and-arrow expert who was in Africa shooting lions. In America he has killed grizzly bears, moose and Kodiak bears with his arrows. He hopes to try his luck with a polar bear and a walrus.

Monday morning, our first day out, we saw eighteen airplanes near Block Island, at the eastern end of Long Island Sound, all headed for New York. Perhaps they were going to welcome Commander Byrd, who was expected back in a couple of days, coming home from England after flying to the North Pole. Dad and Mr. Byrd are friends, and he was at our house a little before he started on his trip in the Chantier.

There was a fine wind and a pretty small sea running all day. It was nice and sunny, but very cold, so that we all put on lots of sweaters and coats. Everyone ate dinner and supper that day. As we were going up through Vineyard Sound we saw a submarine and a lot of Coast Guard vessels.

Then it began to get rougher, with a stiff southerly breeze which was fine for sailing. On the next afternoon we saw a lot of small whales, about twenty-five feet long. Two or three of them jumped almost out of the water, and once about fifty yards ahead of our boat I saw one jump completely out. He looked like a huge bullet.

This is the first of a series of articles by David Binney Putnam, written exclusively for The Youth's Companion, describing the adventures that are happening to the men on the Morrissey, now cruising off the coast of Greenland. His next article will be published as soon as possible after its arrival from the North.



Jim gives David Putnam a lesson at the wheel

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FACT AND COMMENT

THE presumptuous push themselves forward; men of real merit prefer to be asked for.

A PENNSYLVANIA COURT has decided that when one calls another "przefermaczyli" he libels him. It seems that the word means "stealer" or "squanderer," but one need not know that to feel sure that the epithet is libelous. It has the look of a scandalous insult.

ESKIMOS of the Canadian Arctic are having power boats built for them at Edmonton, Alberta, and delivered by way of the Athabaska and Slave rivers, Great Slave Lake and the Mackenzie River. They are said to be ready to abandon their skin kayaks, perhaps the most ingenious and interesting craft ever contrived by primitive man, for the oil-driven boats. So runs the world away; presently nobody will be different from anybody else.

THERE DIED AT BAGDAD recently an Englishwoman, Miss Gertrude Bell, who was called the "uncrowned queen of Irak." A graduate of Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, she had become enamored of the East, had traveled back and forth across Arabia and Syria, written books about the desert countries, entered the secret diplomatic service and become Assistant Political Officer at Bagdad. In that post she has had more than anyone else to do with the administration of Britain's mandates in that part of the world and has written her name among the real "builders of the British Empire."

SHIPS THAT HAVE PASSED

ECONOMIC conditions are making it harder and harder to maintain a great American merchant marine, and the substitution of steam and oil engines for sails as motive power has robbed the career of the mariner of much of the peril and hardship and picturesqueness which made up the romantic attraction it used to have for restless and imaginative youth.

But the blood of a sea-loving race still runs in our veins, even when we find ourselves living in the smoke and grime of an industrial town or on an inland farm, a thousand miles distant from the crash of the surf. If we cannot follow the sea, we love to preserve the memorials of a sea-going past. If there are hardly as many deep-sea captains in the whole United States as you could have found in half a dozen coast towns along the New England shore fifty years ago, we still like to dream about our exploits on blue water, to read stories of crowded adventure on the seven seas, and to keep for our own delight and that of our children some evidences of a romantic period in our history.

The two famous old frigates, Constitution and Constellation, ornaments of our navy of more than a hundred years ago, are still in existence, one at the Boston Navy Yard, and the other at Newport, where it serves as a training ship—though it is at present moored in the Delaware River at Philadelphia, where thousands of visitors to the Sesquiennial Exposition have had the privilege of seeing it. These old ships have been rebuilt more than once and will exist as patriotic memorials to a glorious epoch of our naval history for many years to come. The old yacht America, which astonished all

England by its speed under sail in the days before the Civil War, is still preserved at the U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis. The Hartford, Admiral Farragut's famous flagship, is also still in existence and is used as a receiving ship at Charleston, S. C.

One by one the old clipper ships, which made the flag of the Union familiar in every quarter of the globe, disappeared from the sea, but before the last one succumbed to disaster or decay we took steps to save it, and the Benjamin W. Packard still remains afloat to remind us that American ship designers built the speediest and most beautiful vessels that sailed the seas in the days before canvas was replaced by steam. The last of the old whalers, too, sole relic of those spacious and adventurous days when the sailors of New Bedford and Nantucket combed the seven seas in pursuit of Leviathan, is still to be seen eighty-five years after its launching, preserved affectionately at the estate of Col. E. H. R. Green at South Dartmouth, Mass.

An interesting company of sea-going patriots, stimulating to the imagination, and commemorative of a stirring and adventurous past! They survive to remind us of a time when ships were things of beauty as well as of utility, and when sea-going was less comfortable but more exciting than it is today. Shall we be as careful to preserve for the future the iron hulls of our turbine-driven steamships of today? We doubt it.

THE STORY OF A GREAT MAN

FORTY odd years ago the great suspension bridge that connected New York City with Brooklyn was almost the eighth wonder of the world. No such piece of engineering had ever been undertaken. The progress of the work was watched with eager interest by the entire nation; for there were many skeptics who believed that it was impossible to suspend a bridge having a span nearly a third of a mile long and weighing almost 14,000 tons with safety. But the bridge was built, and it has carried for almost half a century a traffic that has become two or three times as heavy as it was originally planned to carry. Other bridges have since been erected, some longer and many heavier than the old Brooklyn Bridge; but none is at once so monumental and so graceful in appearance, and all merely follow it in principle and in essential detail.

The recent death in Brooklyn of the engineer who actually built that famous bridge recalls some of the romantic episodes in its construction. Col. John A. Roebling, who drew the plans, was a famous engineer, born and educated in Germany, but for many years an American citizen. He bore an important part in the early railway construction in this country, and, having from youth been fascinated by the problem of suspended bridges, he had designed many of them and made himself the chief authority in the world in that branch of engineering.

Very early in the progress of the work, while the pier foundations were being laid, he met with an accident to his foot, which led to an attack of lockjaw, from which he died. His son, Col. Washington A. Roebling, a young man not much more than thirty years of age, took up the work, which many thought must be abandoned on the father's death. On that work he labored for twelve years, much of the time under physical limitations that would have made most men helpless. He had a severe attack of caisson fever, that singular paralytic affection which attacks men who work much in compressed air. For a long time he could not leave his room, but he insisted on directing every step in the great work. He had himself carried to the roof of his house in Brooklyn, where he sat in his invalid's chair, a telescope at his eye, watching through the glass the progress of the bridge and consulting with his subordinate engineers as occasion required. There were no telephones then; his staff had to come to him for their orders; but the broken, crippled man never relaxed his control of the great undertaking. There was no decrepitude of the spirit. From that invalid's chair he carried his father's plans through to triumphant success.

It is that Col. Washington A. Roebling who has just died at the age of eighty-nine. His obstinate courage not only carried him through the strain of those bridge-building days but gradually won back the health that seemed hopelessly lost, and gave him many years of honorable and successful business activity. His career is a splendid example of the victorious human will's overcoming all obstacles, when it is reinforced by fortitude and devotion to duty.

THIS BUT WORLD

DISAPPEARING LEADERS OF THE SOVIET

WITHIN a week two of the men who have been conspicuous in the government of Soviet Russia slipped out of sight. One of them died; that was Dzerzhinsky, who as head of the Cheka, or secret police, administered the reign of terror that in the first years after the war crushed out all opposition to the soviet régime; a singular man, the Robespierre of the Russian revolution, who "ordered the execution and mutilation of thousands, but never signed a death warrant or a murderous order without weeping wildly." Of late years he has been head of the Supreme Economic Council. The other man is Zinoviev (born Apfelbaum), who is chairman of the Communist International and was long chief of the Petrograd soviet. He has been deposed from his place in the all-powerful Politbureau, or inner circle of soviet leaders. He has stubbornly opposed the policies of Stalin, who is the real dictator at Moscow, and was all but expelled from the party for trouble-making. He is an extreme Communist and doesn't like Stalin's open conciliation of the peasants, who are still far from being faithful Communists.

"MA" FERGUSON IS DEFEATED

MRS. MIRIAM A. FERGUSON, who as Governor of Texas has been for two years the most conspicuous woman in public office in the United States, failed to win a renomination in the Democratic primary election. The successful candidate was Dan Moody, the Attorney-General of the state, who has been a lively critic of the administration of Mrs. Ferguson and of the activity of her husband, a former Governor of Texas, in helping her discharge the duties of her office. Mrs. Ferguson has called a special session of the legislature for September and says she will resign the governorship at the end of that session in accordance with an agreement she made to do so, if she were not renominated.

CHURCH VS. STATE IN MEXICO

THE Roman Catholic bishops of Mexico have made solemn protest against the decrees of the government in religious matters by ceasing all public services in the churches of the republic. The church buildings will remain open, and the faithful are recommended to go thither and pray, but there will be no masses said, and no services of baptism, marriage or burial. The decrees, it will be remembered, forbid any priest who is not a native Mexican from officiating at any service, close all the church schools in Mexico, suppress all convents and monasteries, forbid any discussion of public affairs in church papers, and declare that all church property belongs to the State. The Mexican government has ordered the municipal authorities to take possession of all churches abandoned by the priests and may decide to use them for secular purposes. The decrees of course apply to all denominations alike, but in the nature of things bear most hardly on the Catholic Church, which includes a great majority of Mexican religious people, and which is suspected by the present government of being hostile to most of its political and social policies. The nation is deeply stirred by the clash between Church and State.

TO STOP LIQUOR SMUGGLING

GENERAL ANDREWS, who is in Europe, trying to reach arrangements with various foreign countries which shall be helpful in preventing the smuggling of liquor into the United States by citizens of those countries, announces that he has reached a very satisfactory agreement with the British government, by the execution of which, he hopes, the business of smuggling liquor in British ships will be pretty nearly crushed. The terms of the agreement are not yet made public, but probably they include the loss of British registry by ships that are engaged in the smuggling industry and grant to American cruisers some right of search in British waters, particularly around Bermuda and the Bahamas.

THE LAST LINCOLN DIES

MR. ROBERT T. LINCOLN, the last surviving member of the family of President Lincoln, died in Manchester, Vt., at the age of eighty-three. He leaves three

grandchildren, but none bearing the name of Lincoln. Mr. Lincoln, who was long a leading lawyer of Chicago, has been president of the Pullman Car Company, Secretary of War (1881-1885) and Minister to Great Britain (1889-1893). He left to the nation the private papers and correspondence of his father, amounting to some ten thousand papers, with the proviso that they may not be published for twenty-one years.

ANOTHER COSTLY PRIMARY

THE Senate committee which is investigating Senatorial primary elections has discovered that the campaign in Illinois was not much less expensive than that in Pennsylvania. It appears that Colonel Smith, the successful candidate in the Republican primary, spent at least \$253,000, while the personal expenditures of Senator McKinley, the defeated candidate, according to the testimony of his attorney, amounted to \$350,000. There was also \$129,000 spent in Chicago by some of the local Republican committees. Mr. Brennan, who won the Democratic nomination, had no real opposition and spent \$20,000. The evidence is that Mr. Samuel Insull, who is the owner of many public-utility companies, contributed to both Republican and Democratic campaign funds.

POINCARÉ BEGINS HIS LABORS

THE new French ministry of M. Raymond Poincaré has announced, as its programme for strengthening the precarious financial position of the government, further economy in administration, a considerable increase in taxation—especially in indirect taxation—and a rigid balancing of the national budget. M. Poincaré got a reassuring vote of confidence on presenting his plans to the Chamber of Deputies, but he must expect continual opposition from the Left, or Radical, part of the Chamber, which is personally hostile to him. The franc has risen since he took office, and if he can carry out his policies it may become stable at about three cents.—It is said by statisticians that the cost of living in France as compared with that of July, 1914, is as 754 to 100.—Occasional discourtesies shown to Americans are reported from Paris, but none are of serious importance. A young Russian Communist, living in Paris, recently mutilated the monument to Alan Seeger, which was erected to commemorate the participation of young Americans in the war in behalf of France; he did it, he declared, in protest against what he called the responsibility of this country for the prolonged economic crisis in France and in Europe.

MISCELLANY

THE INSPIRATION OF COMMON LIFE

OUR religious teaching has left us no room to doubt that some men are inspired to undertake and accomplish notable tasks. Perhaps we have heard more about it in connection with the composition of the books of the Bible than in other forms of activity. But in Exodus we find the most positive and specific affirmation of inspiration in the whole Bible. To a man whose name was Bezaleel the Spirit of God, we are told, gave wisdom and understanding and knowledge in order that he might be a skillful worker in gold and silver and brass. He was inspired to be a smith.

Of no man who wrote a book of the Bible is it said so definitely that he was given the Spirit of God in the wisdom and understanding and knowledge that he needed for his task. That doubtless was true of the writers. But this man who was to work at the forge and anvil was clearly inspired, too. Let us not try to explain it away, or to say that his inspiration was of a different order. There is only one Spirit of God.

We need great inspirations for the smaller tasks, so that we ourselves may become great. It may be presumed that Bezaleel, while working out his long and severe apprenticeship in Egypt, had little conception of why he was doing it. He was a servant there like the rest of his people, but his skill was in metal-working, and he had been put at that instead of at the heavy labor of the brick-yards. He cannot have interpreted the whip of the taskmaster as the inspiration of God's Spirit. His was the forced drudgery of a man who had no choice. But he learned his trade, and he gained in skill till he was proud of his art.

The day came when his people were free, and in the wilderness they were setting up a tabernacle and building an ark of God.

For the most part they were unskilled laborers, who had wrought in the mud. But here and there were men who had been selected for special tasks and had learned well. Bezaleel was one of them. When he stood before Moses and Aaron, he learned at last, that his hard toil had been shot through with the illumination of the Spirit of God, made possible by his eager skill.

So did a worker in metals receive his call as a man inspired of God for a glorious and ennobling task.

THE MUTINEER

Thomas Doughty, executed for mutiny by Sir Francis Drake aboard the Golden Hind, off the coast of Patagonia, in July, 1578, speaks:

We have played for our lives and—well, here is my stake;

And here is your health, my Lord Admiral Drake!

Though my fortunes are all of them shattered in wreck,

Yet I'll die like a gentleman, here on my deck, With the words of my friends the last sound in my ear

And—you'll witness it, Francis—I go without fear.

It might have been otherwise! Fortune of war . . .

Your corpse to the fishes, my flag at the fore! England's Lord Admiral I should have been; And mine the rewards of our Sovereign Queen When with jewels and ingots and treasures in store

I swept down the Channel to London once more.

We have lingered too long, and it's high afternoon;

Of your courtesy, Francis, have done with me soon;

We have played for our lives; I have lost at the play;

Your muskets are waiting, I will not delay . . . Your star might be setting here now, 'stead of mine;

It's the fortune of—treason! Frank, give them the sign.

—ARTHUR FLOYD HENDERSON

DIVING INTO THIN AIR

THE parachute-jumper on our cover this week is one of the everyday heroes who do their work, not for notoriety or to make money, but as part of their daily duty. He is Lyman H. Ford, former Aviation Chief Rigger, U. S. N. One of his shipmates, A. F. Starr, who is now in charge of parachute instruction at the Naval Air Station, Lakehurst, N. J., says of him:

"Lyman H. Ford left home very young and made his living working in restaurants and as a news butcher on railway trains. Finally he enlisted in the Navy, where he soon found himself in a battleship galley, showing signs of becoming fat and prosperous, with nothing to do but cook, eat and see the world. At the end of his first enlistment he shipped over again, and he became Chief Commissary Steward. He held this rating throughout the war and made fourteen round trips to Europe during this period. Afterwards he decided to try his luck at flying and got admitted to the Aviation Mechanics School. We soon had the spectacle of one perfectly good commissary steward running around with a Chief Machinist's Mate's rate on his arm, and he did his work just as efficiently as he had done in the old galley.

"Then the Navy Department requested volunteers to take a course in parachute-training. Ford was among the first to become a charter member of the Navy's 'suicide club.' After three months of ground instruction, they drew lots to determine who should make the first parachute jump for the Navy. Ford did not win, but he did make the second jump. As he was getting out of the plane to make his drop, a part of the cawling tore loose, so that he fell before he was fully ready. But he kept his nerve, threw away the fragments of cawling, and pulled the release rope on his parachute.

"Since then Ford has made more than a hundred parachute drops, and he became the chief instructor for the Navy. Once at Lakehurst he dropped from his plane and was just about to make a perfect landing when a covered truck drove directly beneath him. Ford's landing was still perfect, but it was on top of the truck, and before

he could get the driver to stop he had been shaken off into the road with a broken hip.

"Ford kept on jumping after that injury, and after leaving the regular service, when he went into the employ of the manufacturer of the parachutes, and he is now touring the world, demonstrating the value of the parachute to the aviator."

It is by the everyday heroism of men like Lyman H. Ford that man's conquest of the air will some day be fully accomplished.

The large picture at the center of our cover this week shows him after leaving the airplane, two thousand or more feet above ground, and just before he pulls the release that will liberate the parachute from its case. The smaller pictures show the parachute in midair, the airplane from which the jumper has descended, and the jumper on the ground after a successful drop. Once a mere sensation at county fairs, parachute-jumping is now to the aeronaut what the life boat and the life preserver are to the sailor.

THE SIMPLE "GEORDIES"

THE "Geordies" as the old-time coasting colliers of England were nicknamed, were a seafaring race apart. They knew the flavor of the North Sea as well as they knew the flavor of their own kitchens or their favorite tavern. But once they got into strange waters they were lost.

A recent writer recalls some amusing anecdotes of their simplicity. The yarn goes that there was once a Geordie brig that had been driven far off her course by a gale. The skipper and the mate retired into the cabin to pore over a chart, and a boy sat by the stove trying to keep himself warm.

"Ah reckon we must be somewhere about here," said the skipper, planting a horny thumb on a considerable acreage of the North Sea.

The mate only sighed and shook his head. "What'd oor poor wives dae if they kenned where we were the noo?" he said.

"Niver mind oor wives," piped up the boy from his corner; "if we kenned where we were oorsels, we'd dae fine!"

It was a skipper of a Geordie boat who, intending to entertain at dinner on board an inspector, whose duties were to see that good measure of coal was delivered, offered his prospective guest a choice of viands.

"Ah've a goose," he informed him, "and Ah've a leg of mutton. Which'll ye hev?"

"Well," was the answer, "why not roast the mutton and postpone the goose?"

The canny skipper was not one to give away his ignorance. He looked a trifle worried but said nothing. Later he sent for the cook. "Cook," he said, "din ye ken hoo tae postpone a goose?"

The cook was as canny as he. His eyes opened rather wide, but he answered hesitatingly, "Ay, skipper, I dae that."

"Well, then, we'll have the goose postponed for oor dinner," said the skipper, much relieved.

The dinner came, and the guest. The mutton appeared and was appreciatively consumed. An extraordinary dish followed, looking like neither roast nor boiled soup, hash or stew. The skipper poked at it with an investigating fork.

"What din ye ca' this, cook?" he asked, scratching his head.

"Yon's yer goose," said the cook proudly. "Ah've postponed it for ye!"

THE BEST MOTION PICTURES

Editor's Note: There are so many motion pictures; how can any family tell which are really worth seeing? The following list, revised every week, contains the pictures which The Youth's Companion recommends to you, as clean and interesting. We cannot express any opinion about other pictures which are shown on the same programme.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION BLUE-RIBBON LIST

The Night Cry—Warner Bros. Rin Tin Tin risks his life in defending his flocks from a mysterious foe.

Grass—Paramount. The epic story of the wanderings of a Persian tribe in search of pasture for their herds. Unusually fine.

Three Faces East—Producers Distributing Co. War drama of Britain's Secret Service. Clive Brook, Robert Ames, Jetta Goudal, Henry Walthall.

My Old Dutch—Universal. A quaint, comestomonger tale of parental sacrifice, and a child's need of love, not riches. Pat O'Malley.

Mike—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. The comic adventures of an Irish section-boss and his children. Sally O'Neill and William Haines.

Ella Cinders—First National. The ever-appealing story of Cinderella in a very modern setting. Colleen Moore.

What the Hayes Method Does for Asthma and Hay-Fever

"I am still free from Asthma and Rose Cold, as I have been since you cured me thirty-eight years ago."

—Mrs. M. Lizzie Foster, 231 Harvard Ave., Allston, Mass.

"I have had no return of Hay-Fever since 1902."

—Mrs. Mary S. Jamieson, Lawrenceville, N. Y.

"The treatment I took of you years ago cured me entirely."

—J. W. Gillespie, Black River, N. Y.

"I never have the slightest symptoms of the return of Hay-Fever."

—Mrs. Percival Goldin, Catskill, N. Y.

"I am as sound as a bullet—no Asthma or Hay-Fever."

—Chas. F. Deans, Eastford, Conn.

"Your treatment seems to have completely eradicated the disease from my system."

—Miss Mary G. Kilbreth, 1717 K. St., Washington, D. C.

"I don't have any symptoms of Hay-Fever or Asthma any more."

—Mrs. Amanda Young, 476 Howe Ave., Shelton, Conn.

"No signs of Hay-Fever since you cured me in 1905."

—Fred Christen, Amana, Iowa.

"My son has had no return of Asthma since he finished your course of medicines."

—W. A. Dotterer, 123 Ashley Ave., Charleston, S. C.

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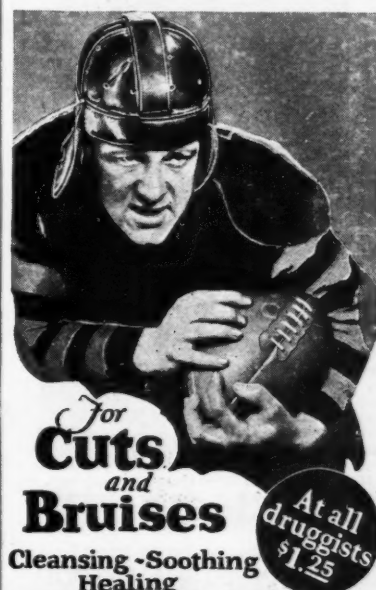
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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, Boston, Mass.

39th Weekly \$5 Award

MEMBER DALE GREFFE (16) of Taylorville, Ill., received his idea for the hand-operated vacuum-cleaner while observing the operation of an electric fan. Many of those who live where electricity is not available and desire such a useful household contrivance can construct one from Member Greffe's directions: "In Fig. 1 is shown the side of the sweeper.

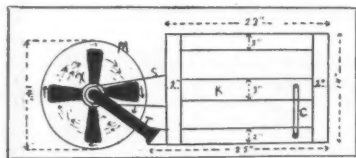


Fig. 1

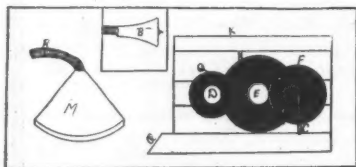


Fig. 2

Box K contains the gears. In Fig. 2 the box is shown with the side removed. The operating crank C is attached to a cog-wheel F. This 8-inch cog-wheel meshes with the cog E, which is 2 inches in diameter. E and N are mounted on the same shaft with a grooved pulley Q. A cord belt S passes over the grooved pulley and the fan pulley. The fan used was from an old Ford car. T is a brace to hold the fan rigidly in place. M is the rim of a tin funnel. A rubber hose R connects the funnel to the suction end B. This is made of tubing flattened out, thus leaving a small rectangular opening at W. A suitable bag may be attached to the open side of the fan to catch the dirt.

The two sketches were made by Member Greffe.

Special Cash Award



MEMBER ROBERT JARNAGIN (9) of Peterson, Iowa, was given a fishing reel on his ninth birthday. Here is the rest of his story: "I had to have a rod to fasten the reel on to, so I went to a greenhouse and got a little bamboo pole, three feet long and a quarter of an inch thick. I then got a larger pole and cut off a portion of it so that the little pole could be stuck inside of it. The reel was then fastened to the pole with string and wire. For guides I used hairpins bent to shape by winding them round a pencil. The tackle-box was made from two cigar boxes and is divided into compartments. Since I made the rod I caught a two-pound pickerel with it."

If the pickerel in Iowa show as much fight as those here near Boston, Member Jarnagin's rod must be well constructed.

Membership Coupon

To join the Y. C. Lab, as an Associate Member, use the coupon below, which will bring you full particulars concerning the Society. If elected, you will have the right to ask any question concerning mechanics, engineering, wood and metal working, radio, and so forth. You will also become eligible to compete for the Weekly, Quarterly and Annual Awards made by the Society, and you will receive its button and ribbon. There are no fees or dues.

The Director, Y. C. Lab
8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.

I am a boy years of age, and am interested in creative and constructive work. Send me full particulars and an application blank on which I may submit my name for Associate Membership in the Y. C. Lab.

Name

Address



To secure this Membership Button, the first step is to use the coupon below

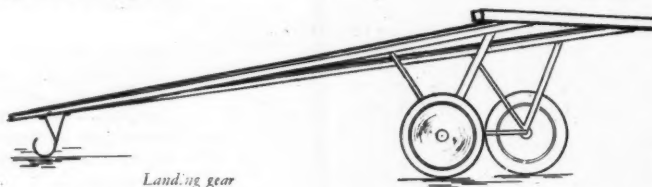
THE Y. C. LAB

The National Society for Ingenious Boys

Y. C. Lab Project No. 5



This seal on manufactured products certifies tests made by the Y. C. Lab



Landing gear

Model Airplanes

V. Landing Gear

By F. ALEXANDER MAGOUN

Councilor, Y. C. Lab

This is the final article of the series dealing with the construction of model airplanes. For rules of the Airplane Contest, see the July 8th issue. Announcement will be made in the September 9th issue regarding the shipment of model planes which are to compete for the awards.

NOTHING could be more distressing than to be up in the air and unable to get down again. The tragedy of starting something you can't finish! While in flight the landing gear of an airplane is a positive loss, because it produces additional resistance; but when the pilot wants to get back to earth again, it is one of the most important parts of the plane.

On the model, as indeed on the full-sized plane, the same gear serves for both "taking off" and "landing," the nature of the gear depending upon whether the plane is designed to operate from the land or the water. The seaplane is equipped with floats, the airplane with ball bearing, rubber-tired wheels.

The location of the landing gear is important. If placed too far aft, the plane will "nose over" on landing; that is, it will pivot about the wheels as they strike the ground, the propeller digging into the earth and the tail high in the air.

The pilot of an airplane, desiring to make

a landing, "flattens out" his machine just before reaching the ground, and so brings the wheels into contact with the earth with practically no vertical velocity.

There is no pilot on a model, with the result that many a landing is a violent affair. Thus the wheels, which may be purchased for a small sum, should be attached well forward, and in such a manner as to allow the attachment to serve as a shock-absorber.

There are two types of landing gear—the "M" and the "V." The latter is coming to be the more generally accepted. The gear must support the plane at sufficient height to give the propeller clearance above the ground when the framework, or fuselage, is horizontal, as it will be when the plane takes off. The clearance must not be too much, or the propeller will pull the nose of the plane over, pivoting about the landing gear axle.

The tail skid may be made from a piece of rattan or other "springy" material.

The principal concerns of the model enthusiast are: (1) to make the landing gear work with as little resistance as possible both when the plane is running along the ground to "take off" and when flying; (2) to absorb the shock of landing without structural damage to the plane; (3) to design and operate the plane so that the model lands on the landing gear—not on the propellers. Propellers do not thrive when the model lands on them.

Special Awards for Model Ships

AMONG the most recent five hundred projects submitted by Associate Members, eighty-six are ship models. Nearly all of them show care and accuracy in construction. The following Special Cash Awards are now made:

Member John Pinkney (14) of Elyria, Ohio, sends this photograph of his excellent model of "Old Ironsides." (Fig. 1.)

Member Howard Tewksbury (12) of Malden, Mass., won a silver cup with this Marconi-rigged boat last summer. The cup appears in his photograph. (Fig. 2.)

Mr. John G. Alden, who designed the very successful Y. C. Lab boat Buccaneer, has designed an original vessel which Member Richard E. Wengren (13) of Portland, Me., has chosen to copy. This is the schooner Malabar VI. The model sails well in a stiff breeze. (Fig. 3.)

Construction of old-fashioned ships has been very popular. Many of our members have secured plans from Councilor Magoun, and the interest of others was evidently stimulated by an article published in the October, 1925, issue of the Ladies' Home Journal, from which several of our members



Fig. 1

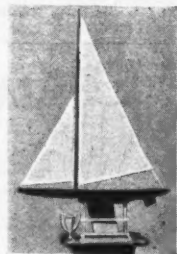


Fig. 2

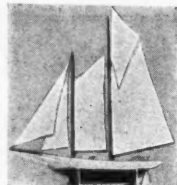


Fig. 3



Fig. 4

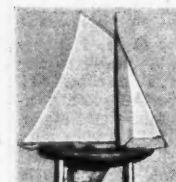


Fig. 5



Fig. 6

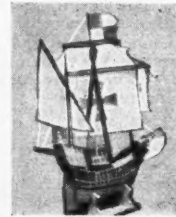


Fig. 7



Fig. 8

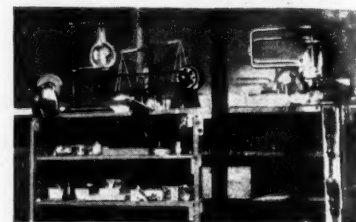
obtained ideas. No authentic plans of the original Mayflower are available, but it is possible to build a ship of the same general type. The following models are shown: Member J. Ned Brandon (14) of Arkansas City, Kan., has constructed a ship of the Mayflower type. (Fig. 4.) Member Paul T. Jones, Jr. (16), of Corinth, Miss., has sent an excellent free-hand drawing of his "Mayflower" in addition to the photograph. (Fig. 6.) Member Frank Lockridge, Jr. (14), of Mt. Sterling, Ky., wins his Cash Award and promotion for his model of the Santa Maria. (Fig. 7.) Member Goffe Benson (13) of Heron Lake, Minn., built his "Santa Maria" at a total material cost of 25 cents. (Fig. 8.)

Member David Kelley (14) submits a sloop 17" long, with sail area of 1.35 sq. ft. Member Kelley lives in South Braintree, Mass. (Fig. 5.)

In addition to the ships pictured, Special Cash Awards are made to Member Charles Gadd (14) of Parkwater, Wash., and Member Fred Knobloch (13) of Crozet, Va., for excellent models. We regret that lack of space prevents publication of their pictures in this group.

Special Cash Award

MEMBER FERDINAND KLOPSCH (13) of Michigan City, Ind., has succeeded in obtaining a fine equipment for doing all sorts of work. Some of this he received as a gift, but a large portion was obtained with money which he earned. This Special Award is given, not because Member Klopsch has been fortunate enough to obtain this equipment, but because he has shown that he knows it is worth while to take good care of special tools and apparatus. In addition to the equipment shown in his work cabinet, Member Klopsch has a complete set of tools, a soldering furnace and soldering irons. At the present time the big job that Member Klopsch has on his hands is the construction of a lathe and a new workshop for it.



Questions and Answers

Q.—Would appreciate all information on hammered brass work, designs, polishing, and where I may receive instruction on this work, including engraving. Where may I obtain a set of hammering tools for the above work, or those used by silversmiths? Member William F. Kerr, Lee, Mass.

A.—by Councilor Frenz: You can get instruction in hammered brass and silver work at the Massachusetts Normal Art School, Exeter Street, Boston, or at the School of Fine Arts, Crafts and Design, at 349 Newbury Street, Boston. You can get all the necessary tools of Chandler & Farquhar, 250 Devonshire Street, Boston. From the Old Corner Book Store, on Bromfield Street, Boston, you can get, for \$1.40, a book on metal work, by H. Wilson. It is one of the Artistic Craft series.

Q.—What is your opinion of the value of chemical battery chargers? Are they detrimental to a battery? Which is most economical in the long run—"trickle" chargers, or high-ampere tube-type chargers? Associate Member Warren Thurston, Blue Mound, Kan.

A.—by Councilor Clapp: (1) It is the opinion of the writer that chemical chargers, in good condition and properly connected, are satisfactory. This is particularly true of the "trickle" charger type. (2) A chemical charger should not be detrimental to a storage battery, any more than any other type of charger. It cases arise where a chemical charger has damaged a storage battery, it was undoubtedly due to wrong connections of the charger or to a faulty charger, which allowed alternating current to flow through the storage battery. Any charger of the chemical or mechanical type must be carefully used to prevent such trouble. The so-called "tube" type, employing a gas-content rectifier tube, such as the "Tungar," is a bit more fool-proof type of charger. (3) Personally, the writer believes that proper charging with a high-ampere charger is more economical in the long run than charging with a "trickle" charger. Even though kept in fair condition by a battery "trickle" charger, a storage battery requires a full-rate charge from time to time to keep it in the best of condition. Ordinarily such a charge should be given about once a month (if the use of the battery is not enough to run it down in that time); with a "trickle" charger available, such a full-rate charge should be given once in two or three months.

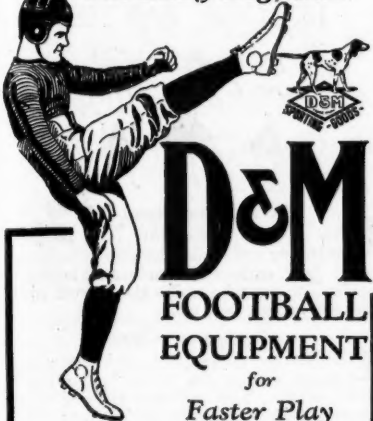
The Secretary's Notes

CERTIFICATES of Test and Approval, after rigid working tests and analysis of materials and workmanship, and permission to use the Seal of the Y. C. Lab for one year have been given to the manufacturers whose names follow:

- Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company
- Flexyde Baseballs
- The Stanley Works
- Stanley Tools
- The Electro Magnetic Tool Company
- The Speed Way Shop
- Arkansas Soft Pine Bureau
- Arkansas Soft Pine
- John F. Freeto Company
- Freeto Shoes
- Luther Grinder Mfg. Company
- Luther Bench Vises

Similar tests are in progress at all times, being conducted in the Y. C. Experimental Lab at Wollaston, Mass., and by Y. C. Lab Councilors in the laboratories of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and elsewhere.

All Y. C. Lab Members may purchase and use, with confidence, the products of manufacturers whose names appear in this list and in the lists that will follow.

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The Wonder Story of Steinmetz

By JOHN WINTHROP HAMMOND

Chapter VII. WHEN THE DAY IS DONE

ALTHOUGH popularly called a "lightning generator," Steinmetz's machine was termed by the engineers who built it, under Steinmetz's direction, simply a high-voltage condenser. It was designed for a very large capacity and was capable, as indicated, of discharging a large amount of energy instantaneously.

The glass-plate condensers were charged to a constant uni-directional voltage by a set of kenotrons, supplied with current from an alternating-current transformer. The kenotrons rectified the current from alternating to direct, and the current then passed over leads of very low resistance, through a spark gap and into the operating circuit.

In the first lightning generator, two hundred condensers were used. They were arranged in two racks of two rows each, so that they could be connected in multiple. They could also be connected by various combinations, two groups in series, with one hundred condensers in multiple, or with four groups in series and fifty condensers in multiple. This allowed various voltages to be used, as might be desired.

Each one of the condenser plates was able to stand about thirty kilo-volts before it began to flash over at the edge. The maximum discharge was 120,000 volts at 9500 amperes. The capacity of the apparatus was about equal to that of 8000 feet of a primary distribution circuit of an electrical system.

Immediate tests of the various types of lightning arresters then on the market were conducted with the lightning generator. So similar was the discharge of the lightning machine to that of actual lightning, except in the matter of size, that the effect upon lightning arresters could be easily watched.

The second lightning generator, built in 1923 for the use of Doctor Steinmetz, was considerably larger than the first. It was able to produce an artificial lightning discharge of 500,000 volts, instead of 120,000, and the energy of the artificial lightning was over 5,000,000 horsepower. Unfortunately, Doctor Steinmetz died before this machine was completed, so that he never had an opportunity to work with it.

Doctor Steinmetz and his assistants knew beforehand just where their artificial lightning would strike. They knew just what path it would follow, and just where to watch for its destructive effects. That was the great value of the lightning generator. In allowing the engineers to watch where the "lightning" was going to strike, before it did strike, the lightning generator could do something which, in a thunder storm, is never possible. No one ever knows where real lightning will strike.

The path of the artificial lightning was a wire that was stretched in the laboratory to provide a line of least resistance for the discharge to follow. At a certain point in this wire there was a gap, and in the gap was placed the article or object which the engineers wanted to have the lightning strike, so that they could see what happened.

In one experiment, a stout piece of wire was placed at the point where the gap in the conducting wire occurred. When the discharge occurred, this wire glowed white from the sudden heat, like a white streak, and then it disappeared altogether—into dust. A small limb of a tree was next placed in the path of the lightning. This was split into fragments by the bolt, and the pieces were hurled all over the room, some of them as far as twenty or thirty feet.

When the generator discharged its artificial lightning, a loud report was heard, somewhat like the discharge of a cannon. This corresponded to the crack of thunder when lightning flashes in a thunder storm.



The last few years of Doctor Steinmetz's life were unusually busy, useful years. His work made him happier than did the knowledge that he was famous, or that people called him a wizard. It made him feel he had lived a life that really counted.

His life frequently brought him into touch with other men of prominence. Early in the twentieth century he had met Elbert Hubbard, whose admiration for Doctor Steinmetz was immense. He had also met, in the regular course of his work, Thomas A. Edison, the great inventor, and the two had formed a deep liking for each other. When Prof. Albert Einstein, the noted German scientist, came to the United States, Doctor Steinmetz was one of those who received him and assisted to entertain him. He was also a friend of Signor Guglielmo Marconi, the "father of the wireless." When Marconi paid a visit, in 1922, to the General Electric works at Schenectady, N. Y., he and Doctor Steinmetz had a friendly talk together during which Marconi inquired after his pet Gila monster and expressed regret to learn that the animal had died, "because," as Doctor Steinmetz said, "he was too lazy to eat."

His Useful Life Quietly Ends

A word about his views of the future. He predicted that some day the industrial world would not require men to work longer than four hours a day. He was naturally a strong believer in the use of electricity for everything.

He predicted that some day all the railroads of the United States would be run by electricity instead of by steam. He predicted also that America would soon have to harness all her waterfalls to produce electricity by water power, in order to make her coal supplies last longer.

On one occasion, he said: "We call this the age of electricity, but it isn't. The age of electricity hasn't begun. All that we have yet done is but preparatory to the ushering in of the electrical age."

After a trip west in the fall of 1923, Doctor Steinmetz felt very tired; he seemed to be well, although

the doctor would not let him go out. Then, quite suddenly, on the morning of October 26, 1923, shortly after eight o'clock, he died at his Wendell Avenue home, from heart disease. The great tower of his useful career was complete.

Charles Proteus Steinmetz was one of the greatest in his own field of activity; and he well deserves to be honored through the centuries. He was useful to all the world, and his work will be useful in all ages of history to come.

This is a great thing to say of any man.

THE END.

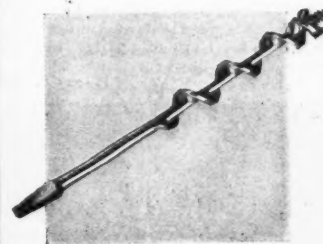
Next in The Youth's Companion series of biographies of great men will be the life story of the greatest American who ever lived. It will begin in an early issue. The author is the Rev. William E. Barton, and the title is "The Great Good Man."



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Two Fashion Fête Surprises

Another Distinguished Judge

THE delightful news has just reached us that Miss Helen Koues, whom you probably know as the Fashion Editor of Good Housekeeping, has consented to help judge the entries in The Youth's Companion Fashion Fête.

She is the foremost authority in the country on sensible, practical and lovely-looking clothes for girls and women. Miss Koues is coming on from New York to be here at the close of the Fête, and you may be sure that the winners can be proud of their winning when such a charming, wise and discriminating judge is to help in deciding on them.

An Original Poem

I THINK you'll all be as surprised and pleased as I am with this poem, which Leola sent in after the announcement of the Fashion Fête. I'm glad it didn't describe her dress for the contest, so that I can let you see it at once instead of having to wait until the Fête is all over.

Leola has made another dress to enter in the contest, so you may all feel easier when you know that your entries are not having to compete for a prize against her satin dress!

HAZEL GREY



Leola wearing her satin dress

My Satin Dress

By LEOLA E. WORLEY (Age 16)
Chandler, Ariz.

*I have a green dress, so sheer and thin,
I feel like a butterfly when I slip in;
But to the angels I feel akin
In my satin dress.*

*My yellow dress is soft and fine
Like the essence of golden dandelion;
But I'm never so happy, any other time,
As in my satin dress.*

*My beautiful dress of purest white,
With lace and ribbons all bedight,
I love with my heart—but my delight
Is my satin dress.*

*I have a dress of dainty pink;
Of strawberry cream it makes me think;
But in my chain of love the strongest link
Is my satin dress.*

*My dress of brilliant, flaring red
Makes me walk with proud, uplifted head;
But the prettiest dress that ever was made
Is my satin dress.*

*My coral dress is fluffy and soft;
It makes my feeling soar aloft;
But feel as good I do not oft
As in my satin dress.*

*My little sport dress of orange and white
I'd wear forever, if I might;
But the loveliest dress, day or night,
Is my satin dress.*

*Oh, my satin dress is the color of dawn,
Of sweet-scented roses over the lawn;
I'm a lady, with every luxury on,
In my satin dress.*

*Forever and ever and then a day
In my blue dress, or peach one, or lavender
or gray,
I'll never be so happy, come what may,
As in my satin dress.*

From Girl to Girl

Are You Watching the Clock and the Calendar?

FIVE more days—120 hours—7200 minutes—432,000 seconds—to go before the clock striking twelve on August 31 puts an end to entries in the first Youth's Companion Fashion Fête. Up to that final time you stand an equal chance with anyone who enters the Fête of winning your share of the \$270.00 which is being divided into eighteen cash prizes, or one of the two New Home sewing-machines, the special prizes to be given to the two dresses judged to be of outstanding merit in the Senior and Junior divisions.

The entries are piling in these last exciting days. Just as I feel sure that most of the girls who have been granted entry certificates must have already returned their pictures, description blanks and construction sketches, along comes another mail with still another pile of lovely things to open and admire. Do you feel as sorry as I do that, like all good things, the Fête has to have an end?

When the Fête is over, I must ask you all to be quite patient for a few weeks, for it is going to be an extremely difficult task for our Judges to choose the winners. All the dresses that you have entered are perfectly splendid, and almost every one has some points which make it a possible winner; it means that these points must be carefully weighed against one another. Watch for the announcement page some time in October—just as soon as the decisions and the pictures of the winners can go to press after the contest is judged.

Hazel Grey

8 Arlington Street

Boston, Massachusetts

Be Prepared!

Dear Polly: Here I am looking like and dressed for the rainiest of rainy days! When this was snapped and I felt myself all dressed up for a downpour I really began to believe that it was going to rain; and, sad to relate, I wasn't disappointed. You see, we'd planned a club picnic for that day, and, although the skies looked dark, we started out in spite of it. The rain began to come down before we had been gone very long, and, if it hadn't been for Marion Webster, things would have been rather a fizzle. She took us all back to her house, where we dried off and toasted marshmallows round the open fire. Then we played some new games, and Hazel Grey said she would publish them in a special column when she heard about how successful they were. Mary Eames made some funny sketches for her to use with them. We can all recommend them any time that you have an indoor party and get the what-to-do-next-feeling!

Now that the Fashion Fête is almost over, perhaps we'll hear from Hazel Grey again—she wrote me on a mere post card saying that this has been the most thrilling summer she's almost ever had, but she couldn't think of a vacation until October. She said to tell everybody who possibly can to come to the exhibition of the winners—as if we'd miss it if we're within flying distance of Boston when it's going on.

You know I think she's working on plans for a big Y. C. girls' club that is growing out of the idea of ours, and it certainly sounds like the best thing ever—I am on tiptoes for the final plans. Ever since she came to those meetings of ours, and we had one right in her office in July, something has been brewing in her office, and I'll burst with curiosity and excitement if she doesn't tell us all about it soon!

Speaking of clubs, do come to Hookersville next summer again—you have no idea how much we all miss you at meetings. Suzanne says to tell you that she is planning to try a dress of rose-colored Chinese damask to take back to school with her to wear for suppers and Sundays. I think I'll have to make a green one, yours sounded so easy and was so good-looking. Write soon. When do you have to go back to school?

Yours,

Betty



Ready for rain



With the visor down

Costumes
from Filene'sHazel
Studio

RAINCOAT and hat like Betty's come together for \$5.50 in green frosted rubber or in rose or blue—sizes 6-16. The coat collar is faced with corduroy and has a buckle strap; the cap has a visor that may be worn up or down, and is elastic in the back, so that the size adjusts itself. Her rubbers are brown ones to match brown shoes and stockings—\$1.75—in black Filene's has them for \$1.15; both colors in sizes 2½-8; widths: S., M., F. The umbrella of raincoat material may be had in green, rose, blue, red, yellow or any other color ordered, for \$2.95, and in 18- or 22-inch sizes. A gay plaid scarf is imported and rather expensive, but in especially good style just now—\$3.50.

NEW GAMES FOR INDOOR PARTIES



The Standing Broad Grin

LINE up the contestants in a row, all standing and facing the audience. At the word "go" each must smile and hold the smile. The one who smiles the longest without moving her face wins.

Continuous Glum

LINE up the contestants as in the above game, and at the word "go" all look glum or sad. The audience tries to make them smile by talking or making faces. They must not touch the contestants. The one who remains glum the longest is the winner.

Fifty-yard Slash

FOR each heat have four strips of narrow paper, one inch or less in width, and at least twenty feet long. Fasten one end of each strip securely; then the four contestants, each holding the free end of one of the strips, cuts with a pair of shears or scissors down the center without running off at the side. The one who reaches the fastened end first wins the heat. Anyone who runs off her strip loses.

Artists and Critics

THIS is a good old-fashioned game which never fails to add interest to a party. Supply each player with a slip of paper and a pencil, and direct her to draw a picture of any sort she pleases at the head of the paper, then to write its title at the bottom. Usually the less it looks like what she names it the more fun. She must fold the paper up over the title so that no one can see it, then pass it to her neighbor, who writes what she thinks it is intended to represent and folds her title under and passes it on round the room for each to add his or her criticism. When all the slips are thus completed, some one collects them and, first showing the sketch to the audience, reads the various titles, ending with that of the artist's own.

A Game of Radiogram

SELECT ten letters at random and put them up where all can see them. Provide each guest with paper and pencil and have each one write a radiogram, keeping the letters in the order given and letting each letter be the first letter in a word. Suppose the letters were A L P O C R G D E H. The result might be "All lazy preachers often come running gracefully down even hills," or "All ladies passing our car receive good dinners eaten hot." Nonsense, of course, but laughter-provoking.

Sculpture

SEAT the guests around tables, placing in front of each a card bearing the name of an animal, five toothpicks and a small piece of putty, from which each is to fashion the animal whose name is on the card, using the toothpicks for legs. Give them five minutes to complete the task and, if desired, provide a prize to the one who makes the most lifelike animal.



Cotton, Cotton

PUT pieces of cotton on the floor and let the players pick them up by using a teaspoon only. Another way is to blindfold the players, throw beans or corn on the floor and let them gather these up in teaspoons. The one who gathers the most receives the prize.

Worth Looking Into

YOU will find a book called "Parties for Occasions," by Claire Wallis and Nellie Ryder Gates, just brimful of very original and helpful party suggestions if you are trying to plan something different for entertaining your friends or classmates. It may be in your public library, or you could get it from the publishers, the Century Company, 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City, for \$1.75.

H. G.

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE

HOW NANCY ANN'S GRANDFATHER SCARED THREE BEARS

By Frances Margaret Fox

NOW once upon a time, long, long ago, Nancy Ann's grandfather went for a walk by himself away off in the big North Woods. He was walking along, thinking happy thoughts about trees, and birds, and flowers, and the folks at home, when something happened.

He heard a queer noise—"Goom-goom-goom ger-rumph!" Something like that.

Nancy Ann's grandfather stood still and listened. He heard the noise again. It was a queer kind of talking that sounded like—"Goom-gull-gubble-gubble-grr-gerrumph!"

Next Nancy Ann's grandfather knew he was looking straight at a huge mother bear. She was the biggest bear and the oldest one he ever saw, and that is saying a great deal. That huge old lady bear was so old she had gray hair.

Two baby bears were with her, one on one side and one on the other. They were standing so near Nancy Ann's grandfather that he might easily have walked over and introduced himself to the family. He thought he would not do that, because he might scare them; so he kept still and watched.

The three bears were standing where raspberry bushes grew tall. They were standing where the berries grew thick and luscious. Nancy Ann's grandfather thought they were the nicest raspberries that he had ever seen.

The old mother bear put one arm round a big bundle of branches and held them tight against her body. With the other hand she began raking the berries off into her huge mouth. Then she said, first to one little bear, then to the other, something that sounded like—"Ger-gum-google-gerrum-blub-blub-google-goo!" There are really no words exactly like what that old mother bear said to her babies.

They understood her talk, though, if Nancy Ann's grandfather did not. Even so, he understood the meaning of her motions just as well as the baby



bears did. She was trying to show them how to eat raspberries!

After they had listened to their mother's talk and had watched her motions for a few minutes, each little bear drew branches of raspberries under his chin with one arm and then, with the other hand, raked the berries into his mouth.

It was a beautiful sight to see the three bears stand in a row and eat big red raspberries like that, so says Nancy Ann's grandfather. It was getting late, though, and time for him to go catch the fish he had promised to bring back to camp for supper. He couldn't stand there and watch a bear family eat berries all day. He was sorry to scare them, but he had to. Nancy Ann's grandfather made a little noise with his foot.

The mother bear saw him then for the first time. She changed her arms into legs in a minute. Down she dropped on all four feet. She talked fast to the two baby bears. The babies talked back that time. Nancy Ann's grandfather thought they said: "We do not want to go home yet. We want to stay and eat more raspberries!"

Their mother made them go home. She made them change their arms into legs—quicker! Down they dropped, each little bear on his own four feet, and home went the family. The baby bears cried and whined at first, but their mother made them stop it. She scolded as she hurried away with them. Perhaps she said:

"Don't you know enough to keep still when there is a man in the woods? Scoot for home as fast as you can travel!"

It was lonely in the big forest for Nancy Ann's grandfather when the three bears were gone and there was nothing left for him to do but go catch fish for supper.

Nancy Ann's grandfather is a kind, polite gentleman. He has always been sorry that he was obliged to scare three bears at a raspberry party that long-ago, happy day.

THE LEMON TREE

By Dorothy Holm

Two frogs once lived 'neath a lemon tree

In a snug little, dark little hole;

They were smiling and happy the whole day long,
And they croaked with a musical soul.

"Why you should live 'neath a lemon tree,"

Said a bluejay, "is certainly queer."

"Not at all," said the frogs. "When it rains cats and dogs

We drink lemonade, old dear."

MORE ABOUT CONTESTS

HOW are you getting on with your twelve-lines-and-a-dot contest pictures? Remember that you only have until September 20 to send me the greatest number of pictures that you can draw, using just twelve lines and a dot to make each picture with.

When the pet contest was all over this interesting letter and picture arrived from Donald. We knew you would want to see it just the same, so we are printing it as fast as we can.

The Editor of the Children's Page
8 Arlington Street
Boston, Massachusetts



Donald's pet armadillo

Tucuman, Argentina
Casilla de Correo No. 38
June 14, 1926

Dear Editor:

This is a picture of our pet. It is an armadillo. His name is Dilly.

My little brother is feeding him a cookie. Dilly eats many things. He likes bread, bananas and cookies the best.

He can stand with his front feet in the air.

DONALD DAVIS. Age: 6 years.



Drawn by Mary Emma

IS IT YOU?

By Jennie M. Tuttle

Some little girl is happy today,
Helping her Mother in many a way,

Washing the dishes and wiping them, too;

Is it you, little girl; is it you?

Some little girl is naughty and cross,

Losing her happiness—oh, what a loss!

Nothing at all for her Mother she'll do.

Surely this is not—it cannot be—you!

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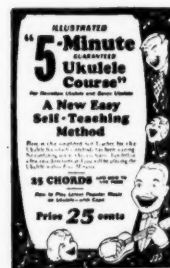
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The Youth's Companion, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.